

THE
WANDERINGS

OF
WARWICK.

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OF

WARRICK

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WARWICK.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

M.DCC.XCIV.

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BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

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M DCCC XLV.

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WANDERINGS

OF

WARWICK.

CHAP. I.

THE hero of a former story, the once unfortunate but now happy Orlando Somerive, had been settled almost two years at Rayland Hall with his Monimia, when Captain Warwick, who had quitted the army on coming into possession of General Tracy's estate, came down with Isabella and his children to divide the months of August and September between the Hall and West Wolverton.

Happiness, or even its resemblance, is so

Vol. I.

B

rare,

rare, that to behold a group of human beings who are at the moment happy, is perhaps the most pleasing of all spectacles to a benevolent mind.—The party who were now assembled under the roof of Orlando presented it; and certainly enjoyed their actual felicity with greater sensibility, from the recollection of their former sufferings. Warwick, indeed, whose disposition was lively and sanguine in the extreme, had felt the hand of adversity press less heavily than Orlando; but his enjoyment of the present seemed not to want the contrast afforded by the recollection of the past, nor was it shaded by any of that tender regret, which, when the manner in which his father had passed his last days, and the early death of his brother, occurred to him, obscured for a few moments the bright days of Orlando.

If Warwick, on the contrary, was ever in danger of feeling himself less happy, it was from the sameness of his present felicity.—His gay and volatile spirits having
now

now no object in pursuit—nothing to hope and nothing to fear—were continually likely to lead him into dissipation, for which in fact he had no other relish than as it broke the monotony of domestic life.—Isabella was therefore particularly happy when she could prevail upon him to pass some time at Rayland Hall; for he was always pleased with the conversation of Orlando, and with him insensibly acquired new relish for those literary pursuits, which, in the trifling circles of high life, he often neglected, and sometimes was weak enough to blush that he had pursued, at least as a means of support.

At one extremity of the park, which was bounded by a sort of open grove of tall beeches, Orlando had repaired, or rather rebuilt, an old summer-house under those trees which commanded a beautiful prospect of the country towards the sea; the view of which was, however, obstructed by the downs, except only in one place, where the hills, suddenly sinking into a long tract

of meadow, made a passage for the river, which there made its way to the sea, distinctly visible at about seven miles distance, where the passing sail was frequently seen glittering in the sun, and then disappearing behind the opposite hill.

On a beautiful evening near the end of August, the party, who were assembled at Rayland Hall met in this pavilion, which immediately overlooked an harvest-field where the last sheaves were loading, and the labourers rejoicing over this part of their work happily closed; when some conversation arising on the difference between the European and American landscapes, Orlando took occasion to renew a request he had once or twice made before—that Warwick and his sister would together give them a history of the adventures they had passed through, from their leaving England immediately after their marriage to their return.

“ No,” cried Warwick, “ I can never do that—to sit composedly down to tell a
long

long story all about myself and my wife is impossible: but, if you are so desirous to have in detail what you already know in part, I will write a history of our pilgrimage, in which perhaps you will find nothing extraordinary.—What say you, my dear Belle? Will you, to gratify your brother, assist me in putting together this Pilgrim's Progress; and shall we oblige the world with—let me see—"The Wanderings of Warwick?"—"Yes, that will do for a title."

Isabella answered with a smile, "If you will relate honestly all *your* wanderings, certainly I can have no objection either to assist your memory where it fails, or to add what I know."

"Come, come," replied he, "no fly hints;—you know that with all my giddiness I am a very honest fellow, and a husband right-loyal:—and so to-morrow you shall help me, and we will endeavour to give a history of our travels."

"Let them begin, then," said Isabella,

“ from our sailing from Portsmouth—for to take up the story sooner would perhaps occasion to me some reflections”—“ Not of repentance, I hope?” interrupted Warwick. “ No,” answered Isabella blushing, “ not of repentance—but of something like regret at the unjustifiable and rash step I took in quitting my father’s house—and”—She hesitated; and Orlando, who perfectly understood her sensations on this subject, said—“ No, Warwick, we will begin, if you please, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—and let us have your narrative while the fine weather induces us to live about the Park.—There is nothing I love so much as a new book read to me in some of those scenes where I used to meditate on my own uncertain destiny, or form plans for the evening, to meet my Monimia in security.—The vicissitudes of an interesting story recall forcibly to my recollection the sensations I felt then; and when I look at her, and at such a group as now surround me, I feel with redoubled
delight

delight all the felicity of my present situation."

"Well," replied Warwick—"if sending me back to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; if making me encounter storms and fight battles over again—broil beneath a West Indian or Portuguese sun, and, what is worse, undergo all the difficulties and mortifications of authorship—can procure you, my dear friend, this transient gratification, my history shall in a day or two be at your service; but I suppose, that it may give you pleasure, you must divest yourself of the consciousness of the happy catastrophe, at least while the story is telling; and suppose that it is possible your hero and heroine may perish in every one of the difficulties in which they are involved—for you know that, when once we are sure people will be happy, we no longer feel any interest for them; and therefore all novels, or at least most of them, close with a marriage, with which mine must set out."

“It is true,” answered Orlando, “that we are not interested for the happy in a Novel; and nothing would be so insipid as a book which should describe only scenes of delight. But in real life it is just the reverse; for I have remarked that a long series of misfortune gradually wears out friendship itself, and dissolves, by the corrosive qualities of adversity, even the ties of kindred.”

“I am afraid,” replied Warwick, “there is some truth in your observation. But I hate such mortifying reflections. Nor have I made them from my own experience; for, except the poor old General and my cousin the little Peer, I had not any relations in the world.—In regard to the first, I certainly had something with which to reproach myself;—as to the second, interest divided us from our setting out in life: he always looked upon me as a too successful candidate for the riches of General Tracy, which he certainly did not want—for what he has always possessed he never

never has had the soul to enjoy ; and, I believe, envied me for something or other—a tolerable figure, and some degree of favour with the women : while I protest, that, poor as I was—the soldier of fortune, and dependent on the caprice of my old uncle—I never envied the lordling his title or his estate. I cannot say that his regard was tired out by my adversity, for he never felt any ; but his honest endeavours, as far as his poor little capacity would give him leave, were not wanting to crush me entirely, when my own thoughtlessness had thrown me from the envied favour of my uncle ; and, if it had not been for the insolence and offensive conduct of the woman he married, and his having no children, he would probably have so far succeeded as to have possessed himself of all the property of General Tracy.”

A few days after this conversation, Captain Warwick produced the manuscript, which was to this effect.

I AM to begin, you tell me, my friends, at that period when, embarked with my Isabella to follow the regiment to America, I found myself in the midst of the Atlantic—in a little vessel usually employed in the corn trade, which I had hired at Southampton, and furnished for the voyage as well as the circumstances I was under would permit.—Our accommodations were, it is true, indifferent enough; but I had been a soldier from twelve years old, and had twice before crossed the sea between Europe and America, and I felt only for the inconveniencies to which my adored wife was exposed:—the sea-sickness and the miserable cabin of a little coasting vessel, and our being very slenderly provided with necessaries, were the slightest of what we had to encounter.

Before we reached Madeira Isabella was so ill, that, whatever was my haste to overtake the fleet with which I ought to have gone, my impatience at her sufferings was

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still

still greater; and I determined to take her on shore.—She recovered almost immediately, and, making light of her former sickness, expressed only anxiety to re-embark, as she knew, though I endeavoured to conceal it from her, that my absence from the corps might be attended with very unpleasant consequences, if it were strictly enquired into. After remaining five days at Fonchiale, we were about to resume our voyage, when we learned that of the eight men on board five had deserted from the ship, and were concealed by the Portuguese.—We had no means of enforcing the demand we made for their restitution; and, after many fruitless remonstrances to the governor, and the ineffectual interference of the English consul, we were under the necessity of taking on board two negroes and a Portuguese sailor to navigate the vessel: and our company in the cabin was increased by a young Portuguese gentleman who had business to transact at Porto Rico for some near rela-

tion in Spain, and whose melancholy and interesting countenance engaged me to admit him to the advantage of this conveyance, however inconvenient to myself.

Isabella being now more accustomed to the sea suffered much less after her second embarkation; and as the weather was delicious of an evening, we used to pass part of every night on the deck; where the young Portuguese, who had a guitar with him, sung tender songs in his own tongue, and seemed to have peculiar pleasure in trying to teach them to my wife; who, though little acquainted before with any language but her own, understood his Portuguese mingled with scraps of something that he thought was English, much better than I did. Our voyage was favourable for some days; and our time passed not unpleasantly, when we were one evening called upon deck by the master of the vessel to observe a sail in the west, which was bearing down upon us.—I despised the Americans so much, that the idea of

of fearing their privateers had never occurred to me; and even now, when there was reason to believe a large one was actually in pursuit of us, I gave orders to the men to prepare their muskets, and four small swivels we had on board, with the most perfect composure, not doubting but that we should with our first fire repulse them.— I was however soon undeceived: as the privateer neared us, she appeared very large, and to carry twenty-six guns—and I saw that neither the master nor his motley crew had the least disposition to resist.— My blood boiled in my veins at the idea of becoming an easy prey to these pirates; and I communicated my sentiments as well as I could to the young Portuguese, who assured me he would die in my defence, and in that of the charming Donna Isabella, for whom indeed my alarm was by this time become dreadful.— All our heroic resolutions however, in which perhaps there was more folly than bravery, were rendered abortive by the master of the vessel, who
saw

saw the rashness and inutility of contention, and therefore came into the cabin with two of the sailors, and told us with some degree of insolence, that they would not throw away their lives on so desperate an attempt as that of defending the ship; and therefore, unless we would promise to desist from all resistance, they would confine us to the cabin.—While the man yet spoke, the privateer came near enough to fire at us, which she did so successfully as to carry away a part of the rudder.—The master instantly struck; and in five minutes we were visited by the crew of the privateer—of whom two armed with broad swords entered the cabin, where, with a pistol in one hand, I supported my trembling wife with the other; and warned them against approaching her, protesting that I would fire at the first man who advanced another step.—My brave young Portuguese friend, armed with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, threw himself before us both; and the defence we seemed disposed to make appeared

so formidable to the crowd of ruffians that by this time had arrived at the door of the cabin, that, after a short council among themselves, they agreed to leave us unmolested, upon condition of our giving up to the master of our own vessel, who stepped forward to receive them, all our effects, and our arms; but this latter I absolutely refused—though content to give up to their plunder the little baggage we had on board (for the principal provision for our voyage was on board the frigate in which I intended to have gone). As they saw we were equally desperate, and determined to sell our lives dearly, which to have deprived us of was against their interest, as well as their safety, they, after another moment or two of threatening and of debate, came to a compromise; and, accepting our money and our effects, left us with our arms in possession of the cabin, where, however, we were confined close prisoners, with a sentinel at the door.

These were terms so much better than
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the treatment I had at first dreaded for my wife, that I was for a short time incapable of feeling the inconveniencies we were exposed to:—in a wretched cabin, under a burning sun (for we had now crossed the line);—without any of the comforts of life—and not only uncertain of what was to become of us, but apprehensive every hour of being overpowered by numbers, and subjected to insults, which, when I looked at Isabella, I determined rather to kill her with my own hands than see her exposed to.—Such were the circumstances under which the first month of our marriage was passing away—But how shall I find terms to express my admiration of the fortitude of mind which my Isabella evinced under her present sufferings—or, what was worse, those fears which I could not always conceal from her for the future?—Instead of giving way to complaints and lamentations, she nobly conquered her own apprehensions, and smiled upon me when many women would have reproached me for the
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miseries.

miseries into which she had been impelled by my rash love.—But the more passionately I was attached to her, the more insupportable were my terrors. And Jealousy, however ridiculous it now appears, added then his scorpions to the rest of my torments.

—The young Portuguese, who was now a prisoner with us, from my first consenting to take him as a passenger on board a vessel I had exclusively hired, had shewn the most marked admiration of my wife, which I imputed to the turn for romantic gallantry so general in his nation, and to his never having seen before so beautiful a woman.—As I knew myself secure of Isabella's affection, I only smiled at his undisguised attention to her, which she declared was rather troublesome than amusing; but now, when he was hardly absent a moment from us, I own his presence became to me the most dreadful punishment. Though it partly secured our mutual safety, I would have given any thing in the world to have recalled the fatal consent I gave to take
him

him into the ship:—yet I must do the poor young man the justice to own, that his profound respect and his silent adoration merited not my resentment.—He had told me on his first admittance, that an unhappy passion had been the occasion of his leaving Lisbon, and of his wandering over the world as if in pursuit of money, which he neither wished for nor wanted;—and as unshaken fidelity in love was, I knew, a part of the religion of a Portuguese, I the less thought of the deep sighs and expressive looks, of which, even from our first day's voyage, Isabella was apparently the object.

I believe, however, my feelings on this were very absurd; and that it was either a consciousness of that absurdity, or the acute and new species of suffering they inflicted, that, exaggerated by the excessive inconveniences we were liable to, made the time seem two years which was indeed but three days. Early on the morning of the fourth of our captivity we were awakened by a violent
noise

noise among the sailors who had been put on board the prize ; and by their voices I knew they were in some alarm. Soon afterwards I observed from the cabin windows a boat come on board from the vessel whose prize we were, while the noise and confusion increased. There was very little wind, but I understood from the words I could distinctly hear, that orders were given for our bringing up close to the American—and while this was doing three seamen came down into the cabin—put up the dead lights, which they secured without—and again would have disarmed us, though they refused to tell us why : our resistance, however, was such as obliged them to be contented with barricading the cabin door withoutside, thus leaving us in total darkness to await some event, which I guessed to be the attack of an English frigate or ship of war.—Again I had occasion to admire the firmness of mind of Isabella, who, though I found her tremble as I clasped her arm within mine (for we were now in
total

total darkness), declared to me that she feared nothing but our separation; and that she was prepared to die with me.—It was for her alone I feared—yet my present apprehensions were mingled with hope, that we might be relieved by the capture of our American conquerors by this rencontre—and I eagerly listened in anxious silence to the noises above, by which I thought I could discern that the object of their fears approached; while by the voices I could distinguish that we were close under the stern of the Rattlesnake, which was the name of the American privateer.

While I was meditating how I might best force my way to assist the English on their boarding the vessel, a gun was fired into our little sloop with such effect, that the ball passed through the cabin a few yards only beyond us.—The stunning kind of sensation this gave us had not subsided before three other shot struck different parts of the vessel; and apparently the Rattlesnake fired again. The horrors of
a sea-

a sea-fight, which were here exhibited, though only in miniature, are not easily to be described : but to me they were at this time exaggerated by the darkness and inaction in which I was compelled to remain, while the vessel seemed to me to be between two fires, and to be exposed alike to the guns of the American and the English frigate.—

The clamour, however, increased, while I vainly endeavoured, in despite of the entreaties of Isabella, to force my way out of the cabin ;—and I thought I distinguished that the English had boarded the Rattlesnake.—In a few moments I heard the shouts of triumph : but, alas ! the conquerors and the conquered spoke the same language, and I could not distinguish whether the victors were English or English Americans.—A few moments put an end to my suspense—a midshipman entered our prison, and restored us to the light, which now afforded us a most welcome sight—the British uniform, and the comfortable

fortable intelligence that we were retaken by the *Thetis*, an English frigate of thirty-two guns, detached from the Squadron on the Jamaica station, whither she was returning.—The satisfaction this intelligence gave us is easily imagined; I saw once more my beloved wife in safety: the captain of the *Thetis*, anxious to shew her every attention, removed us immediately into his own vessel, and gave a place there to my Portuguese friend. Notwithstanding the uneasiness I had the weakness to feel at his evident attachment to Isabella, or at least at behaviour which I fancied betrayed it, I could not but respect Don Julian; and, though very glad he was removed from such constant attendance on her, I considered him as entitled to my protection and friendship.—We were soon restored to all the comforts which a sea life affords; and the greatest inconvenience we suffered was from the excessive heat, which had already stolen the roses from the cheeks of Isabella, without, however, rendering her less lovely.

My

My vanity was gratified by the admiration she universally excited; and I felt no uneasiness at the gallantry of any of my own countrymen; but the young Portuguese, I knew not why, tormented me by his assiduity:—yet he was not handsome, nor could he, for want of a language she could converse in, have the same powers of pleasing as the English officers.—His yellow skin might have qualified him to enact Jachimo, though he had none of the presumption of that character: but it was his black eyes, so expressive of hopeless love; his deep sighs, and his silent adoration; and his misfortunes, more interesting perhaps because we did not understand them; his indifference to life, and the fervour with which he seemed devoted to his religion—a heart that Isabella seemed alone worthy of sharing, that made me infinitely more discontented with his attendance than I dared either acknowledge to myself, or express to my wife; who entertaining no idea of my having any objection to the kindness
and

— and friendship which she thought this dejected stranger entitled to, continued to treat him with the innocent affection of a sister; and I was ashamed to bid her repress it.

We now went on shore at Kingston in Jamaica, and were received by the hospitable inhabitants with such warmth of kindness as would have made a long stay a most desirable circumstance to people who had like us suffered from a tedious voyage and a disagreeable captivity: but it was absolutely necessary for me to hasten to America; and I made the most immediate inquiries for a passage to New York; though dreading to expose Isabella again to the hazards and fatigues of an element on which she had already suffered so much.— Sometimes my fears for her were so acute, that I almost determined to propose to her to remain at Jamaica, and suffer me to proceed alone to America: but, besides that I found her averse on the slightest hint of such an intention, I had lately been
haunted

haunted by the very malady of the mind which I had so often ridiculed, and I am afraid not unfrequently delighted in exciting in others. I could not observe that superiority in point of personal charms which Isabella so evidently possessed, nor remark the universal admiration they excited, without shrinking from the thoughts of leaving unprotected in a West India island a woman so young, and who certainly was not without vanity;—nor could I on this occasion forget (Isabella, forgive my ingratitude!) that I perhaps owed the preference she had given me, rather to the advantage I had over the old general, and to the odd circumstances of our acquaintance, than to any real affection, which the little time between our first meeting and our marriage hardly gave her leave to entertain.

As to our young Portuguese friend, he had either perceived my uneasiness, which, from the excessive jealousy of his own countrymen, might easily have occurred to

him, or determined, if he ever felt the passion I imputed to him, to conquer it; for after our arrival at Jamaica, though he was of all our parties, he appeared carefully to avoid all particular conversation with Isabella; and expressed great impatience to find an opportunity of going to the place of his destination: though I had by this time discovered that his business there was by no means so urgent as he had at first represented it; and that he rather wandered over the world from that restlessness which is the natural consequence of internal misery, than because he had really occasion to quit his native country on a voyage to the West Indies.—It was true, however, that he had an aunt in Spain, whose husband had possessed a large estate at Porto Rico; and that some discontent or disappointment in love at home or in Spain, where he had passed much of his youth, had determined him to take an active part for this relation, in whose family, though I never at that time clearly comprehended

prehended how, I found that uneasiness had originated which had determined him to take leave of Portugal and of Europe, at least for some years.

I might here embellish my narrative with a description of Jamaica—and to a landscape very unlike those of Europe, I might add figures such as European ground never produces: but, as in the course of my subsequent peregrination I visited some other West India islands, I will not lengthen my narrative by an account of this, though perhaps the most worthy of any to be described; but content myself with telling you, that Don Julian, having found a sloop the master of which engaged to land him at Porto Rico, took leave of us with such expressions of gratitude and of regret as affected me extremely, though I was not sorry to see him depart; and which drew more tears from Isabella than I ever saw her shed before—tears, which, though they did not please me, I could not blame; while they seemed

to fall like balm on the heart of Don Juan. —We saw him embark; and, little imagining then that I should ever meet with him again, I endeavoured to forget the transient and needless pain his acquaintance had given me, and to conceal from the unconscious Isabella that weak and unjust mistrust which had inflicted it.

C H A P. II.

IT was late in the Autumn of 1777 before I obtained a passage to New York; and then only in a brig laden with rum, which was for the use of the army, shipped by contract; and as convoy was absolutely necessary, and it was long before we could obtain a frigate for that purpose, we did not arrive at our destination till the end of November.—The surrender of Burgoyne's army, and of course my regiment, had before that time happened;—my joining it under such circumstances was out of the question, and I had interest enough to obtain the appointment of aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, and continued at New York without suffering any other than the common inconveniences which must ever be felt in the seat of

war.—Isabella, who had borne like a heroine the second voyage, notwithstanding all she suffered in the first, made some agreeable acquaintance among the ladies of the British officers; and her fears for my safety gradually subsiding as we continued in garrison, she regained her beauty and her spirits. My vanity would have had sufficient gratification, if it could have been gratified with the reputation of having the most beautiful wife of any man then in that part of the world; but I know not how it was—the very marked attention of one person, which was visible enough to eyes less quick-sighted than mine, and the idea that I might at any time be set, like Uriah, in the front of the battle, at the pleasure of one under whose command I was, entirely deprived me of the satisfaction this praise might otherwise have given me:—I was ashamed of continually feeling the weakness I had so often ridiculed; and certainly Isabella's behaviour gave me no reason for it: the same volatility of temper
that

that had induced her on so short an acquaintance to bestow her hand upon me, made me less confident than I ought to have been, of the affection to which in gratitude I should have imputed what she had done in my favour.

Perfectly unconscious of sentiments that I endeavoured to conceal, Isabella, who loved admiration, never believed her receiving it could make me unhappy; and, with the exception of some uneasy moments for the fate of her brother Orlando and others, occasioned by the receipt of letters from England, our time passed not unpleasantly till the spring of the year 1788.—These letters from England, it is true, were always unwelcome: one announced to us that General Tracy had disinherited me; another, the displeasure and consternation of Isabella's family on her flight;—and others, which affected her most, the grief and depression of her mother, and the sad probability of her father's death. Of this melancholy event we heard

just at the moment when I was ordered to Philadelphia to direct the march of a considerable body of troops to New York. As Isabella was within a few weeks of lying-in, to take her with me was impossible;—to leave her was dreadful to us both:—this, however, it was necessary for me to resolve upon, and to reconcile her to it as well as I could. I had indeed to plead the probability that my stay would not be long; and I had the comfort of seeing her exercise on this trying occasion a greater degree of fortitude than I was able to command; though seldom perhaps a young woman so unaccustomed to difficulties was left in a situation more distressing.—My foolish jealousy, however, was quieted; for the persons who had afforded it the most food were dispersed: but other subjects of uneasiness remained; and neither my steadiness of mind, nor that habitual carelessness of temper which I had from my early military life acquired, were sufficient to save me from the most painful reflections on leaving
my

my wife in the midst of the feat of war—exposed to increased perils from her actual situation, and under particular depression of spirits from the intelligence she had so lately received of her father's death, and the uncertainty of what was become of her brother, who we had by this time too much reason to conclude had perished in an attempt to make his way to New York—as he was not one of those who had laid down his arms after the convention of Saratoga, among whom our enquiries produced no other than this vague and unsatisfactory account.

The hour of parting, however dreaded, could not be delayed.—I left Isabella with an appearance of fortitude I was far from feeling, and proceeded to the execution of my duty. It is not necessary to enter into a detail of what happened to me while I remained at Philadelphia.—On our return we were attacked at Monmouth by a party of the American army:—a partial action took place, and I was carried to New

York wounded. I found my domestic anxieties at once alleviated and increased by the birth of my eldest boy, who was then about three weeks old;—Isabella, dearer to me than ever, nursed him herself: but her care was now divided by that which it was necessary to bestow on me. I recovered slowly; and a spitting of blood, occasioned by a violent contusion on my breast, threatened more fatal consequences than the gun-shot wound in my shoulder, which had been healed about a month when I was ordered out on an expedition against the stores and shipping of the Americans; and the persuasion that every day would now produce new employment for me, and perhaps new dangers for Isabella, determined me to send her back to England if possible before my departure, and to consign her to the care of her own family till I could rejoin her. This project, however, was very difficult to execute. The French fleet under Count d'Estaing was now master of the sea;—
and,

and, besides the difficulty of carrying my wishes into effect, I had the reluctance of Isabella to contend with, who protested against any precaution that related only to her own safety, if it must be taken at the expence of our long separation, which was, she said, the only evil she dreaded.—

As she persisted in this resolution, and the hazard of her voyage became more evident, I was again compelled to leave her; and again returned—luckily without being again wounded however; but in a state of health that made my wife solicitous for my attempting to obtain leave to return myself to England:—but, conscious of the deficiency of punctuality in my duty, of which I had been guilty, when, instead of accompanying my regiment, I had hazarded the loss of my passage, and been so long after it, I was resolved not to use my interest or the pretence of ill health to shrink from the post I was now in, which my honour demanded that I should sustain. The remonstrances and fears of Isabella

Isabella grieved, without moving me from this determination; and I had been so accustomed to face Death, that whether he came in the form of a cannon ball, or of a gradual decay, seemed to me a matter of perfect indifference:—I had, however, no apprehensions of the latter; and, though my looks were greatly changed from fatigue and loss of blood, I felt myself still strong enough for the service I was ordered upon—when, after returning from the last expedition, I was entrusted with the command of a party who were sent to defend Stony Point.—Here I was made prisoner by General Waine with about five hundred British. I cannot say I had any particular cause of complaint against the Americans, whose treatment of me was as good as circumstances allowed; but one of the miseries to which, in this desultory war, the officers were exposed, was, that they were not allowed their parole:—here, Isabella and my boy, however, came to me; and after remaining some weeks in
confinement

confinement I was exchanged, and returned with my family to New York.

But confinement and uneasiness, together with the wound I had received, which had never been properly healed, had so injured my health, that as I was still considered as of some consequence on account of the family to which I belonged, it was proposed to me to return to England—a proposal which my wish to retrieve my former neglect no longer made me refuse, since I had now been so long in severe service; and the entreaties of Isabella, as well as my internal feelings, which convinced me my constitution was greatly affected, determined me to avail myself of the permission that was thus offered me: and I at length resolved to take the opportunity of a convoy which was going to the West Indies, and we embarked in a merchant-ship which had brought rum for the army from the island of Barbadoes, and was now returning thither; where other vessels of war were to be appointed to convoy to England such ships

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as should be ready, as the French fleet under D'Estaing was still in these seas, and we incurred some hazard of becoming again prisoners. From this however we escaped, and had a prosperous voyage till we were within six leagues of the port whither we were bound, when the weather, which had been uncommonly fine, suddenly changed, and the negroes who were on board foretold one of those tornadoes so frequent and so fatal in the high latitudes. Almost before the men had time to take against its violence such precautions as were possible, it fell with unusual fury; and as if it were our destiny to experience, before our return to Europe, every species of misery to which man exposes himself in search of honour or profit, we now felt all that contending elements can inflict, after we had escaped the horrors of sickness, famine and imprisonment. There have been so many paintings of storms, and all storms are so much alike, that I will spare you a minute description of this; in which, however,

ever, as present evils are always the worst, we thought our sufferings greater than any we had yet endured. I was myself persuaded that I was now to meet that death I had so often seen near me before—with less terror I own than I felt now—and it was perhaps from being habitually accustomed to face danger as a soldier, that I now wished I had met him in the field; where he appeared to me, as to Corporal Trim, to be nothing, while like Obadiah I thought him very terrible in a ship. Yet as the black waves mounting above the masts threatened every moment to overwhelm us, it afforded me a strange and gloomy sort of consolation to reflect, that I had with me all that was dear to me on earth, and that we should perish together.

If I had in other circumstances of danger had occasion to admire the cheerful fortitude of my wife, that which she shewed now served to increase my admiration. She was far advanced in her second pregnancy, and always suffering extremely

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at sea, the dreadful tossing of the ship added greatly to those sufferings, while for three days and nights it was impossible to light a fire; nor had she or her child any nourishment but a little wine and water with biscuit dissolved in it, which I administered to them as well as I could from time to time; for they could not leave their bed, it being impossible even for me to keep myself on my feet a moment. A mulatto woman, whom I had purchased for Isabella at New York, was of great service to us: but there were inconveniences which no care or assiduity could even alleviate; such was the dashing in of the waves, which not only almost drowned us, but made us more than once believe we were going down. On these violent shocks, Isabella threw one arm round me as I knelt by her bed, and with the other clasped her little boy to her bosom, and thus prepared for that death which seemed inevitable. The sailors during this horrid scene were in that continual exertion which the preservation of their

lives

lives demanded ; and fortunately the captain was an old experienced seaman, whom no danger seemed to deprive of his calm fortitude. But for these advantages we should probably have been lost ; for had they seen in the commander any symptoms of that despair to which they were often on the point of yielding themselves, they would have remitted or wholly neglected those efforts on which our safety depended. The long continuance of the storm, which the oldest of them said exceeded what they had ever before witnessed, was however very discouraging. They had nothing to support the extraordinary labour they went through, but salt meat nailed to the mast ; of which, without its being boiled, each man took a bit as they worked for the preservation of the vessel. The captain administered spirits sparingly ; and so much of the water was stove by the violent agitation of the ship, that there was great reason to fear, if we were driven out of our reckoning and obliged to be long at sea, we should
perish

perish of thirst though we escaped the storm. But this fear, as well as many others that assailed him, our resolute phlegmatic captain kept to himself. His firmness and his seamanship, however, would have been equally useless, if the violence of the storm had not on the morning of the fourth day begun to abate; for the ship was then a wreck upon the water, she was dismasted, and had sprung a leak, which all our laborious exertions for life (I say ours, because I worked at the pumps with the rest) would not have kept under three hours longer, when with the break of a day, that we all believed would be our last, we saw land, which the master, who had long traded to the Island, declared to be Barbadoes. At the same time we perceived some of the ships which had sailed in company; and one which had suffered less than the rest, sent us assistance as soon as it was practicable. This animated our courage—The storm abated more and more, and our renewed efforts kept the leak from gaining

gaining upon us; till about six in the evening, by the assistance of our companion, we anchored in Carlisle Bay.

My first care was to get Isabella and my child on shore, where after a few hours repose they were both in some degree re-established; and we were able to avail ourselves of the hospitable disposition of the inhabitants, who, though they had dreadfully suffered from the hurricane, and were some of them without habitations, endeavoured to alleviate by every attention yet in their power the inconveniencies to which we were exposed. The officers stationed there introduced me to some of the most respectable inhabitants; and by one of them, who had a house on a distant part of the island, which had suffered less than the country around Bridgetown by the preceding storm, I was invited with my family to pass some days. The genuine kindness with which this invitation was made induced me to accept it, and I had soon the happiness of finding Isabella perfectly recovered; while
my

my own health so visibly amended, that I yielded to her persuasions, and to the entreaties of my new friends, and resolved to remain on the island at least till there should be less danger from the tempests, which at this season we were very likely to meet with on our reaching Europe.

At this pleasant residence, which was an excellent house built about half a mile from the sea, and surrounded by a flourishing plantation, I had an opportunity of observing the state of the negro-slaves, whom I had often considered as being in a condition which reflected disgrace on humanity; and however such a research may appear to be foreign to the pursuit of a man who had hitherto studied only the routine of what is called fashionable life, or the business of his profession, I believe I formed a tolerably impartial estimate of their real situation, which as well as I can I will endeavour to communicate. A number of beings condemned to perpetual slavery, beings who seem called into existence only
to

to suffer, is an idea revolting not only to the mind of every Englishman, but to every European in whom habit does not blunt the power of reflection. I will own to you, however, that the subject seen nearer loses some of its horrors; though too many remain, and ever must remain, while slavery exists.

Perhaps I may give you a clearer notion of what are the feelings of a mind unadulterated by custom, if I relate what were mine, when early in life I was sent with my regiment to Jamaica, and beheld with wonder droves of black people going into the fields under the discipline of the whip, sometimes in the hands of one of their own colour, or a mulatto, as whipper-in, while a white man superintended. When I considered that these were creatures endued with a portion, and, as some have contended, an equal portion, of that reason on which we so highly value ourselves, I turned with horror and indignation from such a spectacle. Gradually I became habituated

bituated to the sight, yet it still disgusted and distressed me; and perhaps the fidelity and intelligence of my negro servant Perseus, to whom I had given his liberty as soon as he became my property, made me feel for these poor people particular commiseration—painful indeed to myself, and for the most part unavailing to them.

At that period of my life, I used to listen with wonder to orders I frequently heard given by a man I was often with, who was in every other instance reasonable and humane, for the punishment of his slaves for faults, which were in my apprehension so trifling that I should hardly have reprimanded a servant in England for committing them. I have on these occasions remonstrated with my friend, who has only laughed at my simplicity, and assured me, that without such wholesome severity masters would not be able to keep their slaves in subjection; and when I have replied that I would then have no slaves, he has pitied my youthful ignorance.

This

This gentleman had a daughter, heiress to his great estate, whom in consideration of my relationship to nobility, and of being the presumptive heir of General Tracy, he seemed not unwilling to give me; and I very soon perceived that the young lady was not disposed to let me despair: she was handsome enough, very lively, and apparently very good-humoured. But at that time being little more than eighteen, I felt a prodigious aversion to matrimony. I was determined to be one of those agreeable rakes for whom I saw in England all the women dying; and nothing could be better calculated than Jamaica for beginning with considerable success the career of glory. I was already contended for as a partner at every ball, and distinguished from my companions by the name of the Handsome Ensign. To sacrifice all these advantages, and become a married man, was not to be thought of, though my fair creolian could have given me the whole island. But the advantage her fortune offered appeared in quite another light to a
young

young lieutenant of the same regiment : a cadet, like me, of an honourable house, who had nothing but his pay ; and to whom therefore a fortune of near four thousand a year was by no means a matter of indifference.—“ You don’t care about that girl, Warwick ?” said he, one evening after a ball at which I had been dancing with her.

“ Not I,” answered I carelessly.

“ And you have no thoughts of availing yourself of the favour you are in with her and her father ?”

“ None upon earth.”

“ Then perhaps,” rejoined my friend, “ you would not cut my throat if I tried an experiment which they say seldom fails—whether in the opinion of such a girl the most agreeable man is not he who flatters her the most ?”

“ Oh !” answered I, “ try it, dear Jack ; I have not the least objection. On the contrary, I shall be obliged to thee, my friend ; for I find it fatiguing to administer

administer so continually to one woman's vanity."

"And thou wantest more to administer to thine.—But understand me, Warwick—If I can possess myself of an advantage to which you seem totally indifferent, and carry off this heiress of the isle—have I your consent?"

"With all my soul, and I heartily wish you success—making only this bargain, Jack, that I won't have it said she left me for you—No, damn it, that would be too mortifying—No, no; I will have it known that I might have had her if I would."

My friend had sense enough to humour my ridiculous and boyish vanity while he despised it; and it was agreed between us, that I should relax in my attentions while he grew more assiduous. The scheme succeeded; and the nymph became more partial to the lieutenant than she had ever been to me, whom she could not forgive for having deserted her for the attractions of a young widow, who had lately re-ap-

peared in society after her mourning for a husband who had left her a noble estate; and who, though four or five years older, was in beauty and in wealth her rival, and of course heartily detested.

Though nothing was further from my thoughts than matrimony, and though my lively widow seemed to understand the value of the liberty she had regained too well to be willing soon to resign it, the good-humoured Jamaica world talked loudly of our attachment; while my friend succeeded so happily in his, that the father of the lady, perceiving her affection for him, had consented to their marriage. On the part of the young lieutenant, what began with interested views was now become a serious affection; and my friend, who was a very amiable and worthy young man, believed himself likely to be most happy in an alliance where pecuniary advantages were added to personal attachment.

Every thing was preparing for the sumptuous celebration of the wedding, and the
happy

happy lover was admitted to visit his mistress with that degree of freedom which their approaching marriage allowed. She had lost her mother some years before; and had, though only seventeen, been long mistress of her father's house, who treated her with the most boundless indulgence.

It happened that the lieutenant, who had been upon duty at Kingston, was dismissed by the commanding officer sooner than his turn of duty was at an end, on another subaltern's taking his place; and as he was to be married in a few days, he hastened at a very early hour of the morning to the country-house where his mistress resided.

He took a gay leave of his comrades, for it was probable that he would be married before he rejoined them: though the day was not yet fixed, but was to be left to the decision of the lady herself; who would not, he flattered himself, name a very distant one.

But my surprise was extreme to see him amid the violent heats of the same day,

when nobody ever thinks of stirring out, enter my room, where I was about to take my siesta, with an air so dejected that I immediately perceived something very disagreeable had happened.—I enquired eagerly after his intended bride: he answered coldly that she was well.—“ And when is the wedding to be?” cried I with vivacity.—“ Never,” replied my friend;—and throwing himself into a chair, he yielded for some time in silence to the extreme vexation he felt.—But I at length drew from him the following account:

“ I entered the house,” said my friend, “ as I usually do, after giving my horse to the negro who waited in the stable.—You recollect that above stairs there is an open colonnade that runs round the house: I was shewn into the apartment where Miss Shaftesbury sits in a morning—it was elegantly dressed with flowers;—her toilet was tastefully set out;—her musick-book was open at a pathetic song;—every thing round seemed to breathe tenderness and
love;

love;—and I reflected with delight that the fair form—the elegant mind that made these arrangements was soon to be mine.—The day was to be named in which this my happiness was to be completed, and eager to hear it, I was impatient for the arrival of my beautiful Marianne; whose delay, after near half an hour had elapsed, somewhat surprised me. The female negroes who usually waited about the apartments were not now seen; but with a design to call one of them, that she might let her mistress know of my attendance, I stepped into the colonnade or gallery, which looked into a court, when I was struck with a sight that has for ever cured me of trusting to the appearance of female softness and tenderness.

My fair, my gentle Marianne, whom I have seen weep over the fictitious distresses of a novel, and shrink from the imaginary sorrows of an imaginary heroine, walked with cool but stately steps before two old negro women who dragged between them

a mulatto girl of ten or eleven years old, while another stout negro woman followed with the instrument of punishment in her hand, which I soon found was to be applied to the unfortunate little creature, who, while one of the old monsters bound her and another endeavoured to stop her mouth, pleaded as well as she could for mercy to her "dear Miffy"—and pleaded in vain.—Oh, Warwick! I saw this woman, with whom I had fondly dreamed of passing a life of felicity—I saw this Marianne, to whom I had given my sincerest affections, direct the punishment, and increase its severity;—I heard the shrieks of the miserable little victim;—I saw her back almost flayed; and Miss Shaftesbury seemed to me to enjoy the spectacle—a spectacle which I was so little able to bear, that I ran back to the apartment I had left, where the cries of the suffering child still rang in my ears. I recovered my breath and recollection only to determine never to expose myself to see such a scene again,

again, and never to unite my destiny with that of a woman who could act in it: and I left the house without seeing Miss Shaftesbury, or otherwise informing her of my being there than leaving a message with the slaves in the stable that I was taken ill, and had returned to Kingston."

"And what," said I, "dear Jack, dost thou intend to do?" Nothing," answered he:—"for I shall never go near her again. No, Warwick, though I were sure I must continue a lieutenant, and without a shilling but my pay for the rest of my life, I would not marry Miss Shaftesbury, even though, instead of the fortune she was to bring me, her portion were half the kingdoms of Europe."

"Most people, my good friend," replied I, "would reckon you more nice than wise."

"I believe they would," answered he; "but as it is my happiness that is in question, and not that of 'most people,' I shall most assuredly take my leave of the lady

for ever." In this resolution my friend persisted ;—and all I could prevail upon him to do was to write a letter to the father, assigning the dissatisfaction of his friends in England as a reason for relinquishing the honour intended him.—The regiment, which had nearly been its time in the island when my friend and I joined it, was ordered home very soon afterwards, where we heard that the lady consoled herself with a young American of fortune, who soon after addressed her, and whose heart she contrived to break in about two years : though he probably felt no such antipathy to the discipline in which she excelled in regard to the negroes ; for the continental Americans, like those of the West Indies, consider such things as mere matters of course—though it is said that they are less severe in their treatment of that unhappy race of people.

C H A P. III.

NOTWITHSTANDING the relation I have given of the disappointment of my friend, from the harsh character of his West Indian damsel, I do not mean to infer from thence, that all the women of that country in superior life are without tenderness.—But it is astonishing how habit influences the human character, and how little impression is made on our feelings by objects to which we are from our infancy or early youth accustomed:—this is observable in every country—even in England, that land, the inhabitants of which pique themselves, and not without reason, on being distinguished for the most liberal humanity among the nations of the civilised world.

In travelling through France when I was

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yet a boy, I was continually checked by my tutor for getting into quarrels with the postillions, whom I reprov'd in my bad French for the cruel treatment of their horses. The miserable galled and starved animals who sometimes drew me, excited sensations so uneasy as deprived me of all pleasure in my journey; and I fancied that in England I had never remarked instances of such barbarity: yet when my travelling companion bade me recollect the bullock-hunting and the various cruelties exercised by drovers in the streets of London—the unfeeling brutalities of the carmen and hackney-coachmen, I was compelled to acknowledge that these marks of ferocity were not peculiar to the French; and that they only struck me the more forcibly because I was in travelling attentive to those manners among strangers, which in my own country I pass'd by from use without attending to them.—Thus it is in regard to persons born in the West Indies—they find nothing extraordinary in being surrounded

rounded by another race of men destined to be their slaves, and are only amazed that the European should suppose these men liable to the same sensations as himself, and should feel interested for the happiness of beings so inferior. Much has been written by moralists against cruelty to animals, and much has been said of the horrors of slavery: but, alas! the people who exercise these cruelties read not the lucubrations of the essayist—The slave merchant studies nothing but his profit and loss; and if at any time something like a qualm of conscience should disturb the felicity he finds in acquiring wealth, he reconciles himself to his pursuit with reflecting, that if he did not drive this trade somebody else would—an argument which I have often heard used to justify every folly and every vice.

In Barbadoes, where I resided at the time—I am now accounting for, it appears to be, and certainly is, so much the interest of the planters to be careful of the lives

of their slaves, on whose labour their incomes depend, that in general they are not ill-treated;—and if there are some masters whose malignant disposition even avarice cannot controul, there are others whose humanity is not lessened even by the perverse and savage tempers of some of those unhappy beings who are their property.—But so much cannot be said of persons who hire the slaves of others:—these men seem to believe that lives which are not certainly to be spent in their service are of no value; and a gang of hired negroes are often so overworked as to occasion them to perish in a very few years.—But it seems as if the general lot of this unfortunate race was more tolerable than we are led to suppose from a transient view of their situation: those who are born upon the estates they cultivate, having never any other idea than that of being destined to that labour which they behold going forward around them, are no more discontented with their lot than the peasants

phants of England; and, unless provoked by any tyrannical exertion of their masters power, have no more malice against them than our day-labourers against the lord whose ground they cultivate. On the contrary, the idea of their being the property of their master makes them take a peculiar interest in whatever relates to *him*.—They are pleased if his house is better—his equipage finer—and his property greater than that of his neighbours; and seem to derive consequence themselves from the consequence of him to whom they belong.—This is particularly the case with house negroes, who never think that honour enough is done to those whose property they are; and indeed an infinite deal of pride and vanity is a principal ingredient in the temper of negroes; and a woman dressed for a negro ball, in her jacket of flowered linen, her bead necklace, and white cap, is more vain than the most beautiful Englishwoman on a birth-night ball. The strange attachment of some Europeans to these

these ebon beauties, but more particularly the preference given to mulatto women, feeds this excessive vanity at the expence indeed of every thing that resembles morals or decency; and perhaps in no part of the Christian world are appearances of morality so little attended to as in the West India islands.

The condition however of the negroes is certainly in some respects even preferable to that of the English poor.—An Englishman, born to no other inheritance than the labour of his hands, can with difficulty earn enough to support even himself.—As soon as he is strong enough, he goes to a master as a ploughman or a carter, where he seldom serves longer than twelve months; by which indeed he gains a settlement in the parish where he so serves: but he usually seeks another service, with no other fortune than his round frock, and a change of coarse clothes.—He has now, however, higher wages in proportion to the increase of his strength; and

and falls in love with a fellow-servant, whom, before the end of his year's service, he is frequently compelled to marry.—The parish officers reluctantly find him a hovel, or a room ;—and with less furniture than is seen even in a negro-hut, he commences house-keeper. If his wife is notable, and he is himself industrious, he may exist for a year or two in tolerable comfort (living, however, upon little else than bread): but any remission in the labour of either, and an increasing family, expose him to the extremes of poverty :—he loses his health for want of proper nourishment ;—and, becoming careless of his family, who are a burthen to him, mutual reproaches aggravate the bitterness of that poverty which gave rise to them.—He turns poacher or smuggler, yet is not the richer, for the ale-house consumes his illicit profits ; and his family become chargeable to the parish. The impatience of those who now bear this load urges them to complaints

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against

against him; and he, all freeman as he is, is driven to labour—not indeed with stripes, but by the terrors of a gaol.—From this species of tyranny he seeks his remedy in flight, leaving a wife and six or seven children to be maintained solely at the public expence.—He enlists for a soldier, and, having sold himself for six-pence a day, becomes in reality as great a slave as the African—at least for the term of years for which he has engaged himself—at the end of which, if he does not return mutilated from the service (in which case indeed he is provided for), he may possibly go back to his parish, and finish his life, which his mode of living has shortened, in a work-house.—Let any one who has ever inspected a work-house compare his *then* situation with that of the negro, who it is true is a slave; but for whom all the necessities of life are provided in his old age, and who is then established in a little hut of his own—possibly with a woman of
nearly

nearly his own age, whom long habit has attached to him—where he is employed only in such work as his strength will admit—in teaching some kind of trade to younger negroes, or in taking care of children. If sick, he has medical assistance; and, if he has been a good servant, and has a master only of common humanity, he has many little indulgences to sweeten this last period of existence—to say nothing of the respect and affection with which people of his colour treat the aged among them.

I do not, however, mean to say, that the sole consciousness that he is free—or rather the notion that he is so, is not to the Englishman more than adequate to every advantage which the slave under the kindest master can enjoy. I intend from this comparison only to infer, that, dreadful as the condition of slavery is, the picture of its horrors is often overcharged.—In one instance it strikes me as having been particularly so.—I recollect, among
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the representations that have often been made of the heavy tasks imposed on the negroes, great stress has been laid on the barbarous custom of sending out women and children, after a hard day's work, to collect meat for the cattle. That this is never done I do not assert : but I do not believe it is the general practice. In Jamaica, the plenty of forage which the extent and variety of the island afford renders it unnecessary. In Barbadoes, where such advantages do not exist, there are always, as far as I have observed, negroes, who are perhaps incapable of other work, whose business it is to gather forage—and who are called meat-pickers. But let me, after having enumerated all these circumstances of palliation, declare against every species of slavery : let me protest my belief that it brutalises, while it degrades, the human character, and produces at once servility and ferocity*.

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* Notwithstanding my apprehensions that Novel-readers, in their eagerness for mere narrative, will
murmur

It has been remarked in the army, that the most tyrannical officers have been almost invariably those most meanly obsequious to their superiors, and who have been raised from inferior life by patronage; and by a man of strong understanding, who had had an opportunity of observing for many years the manners of a great public school, I have been assured, that the boys who had themselves been the worst treated in their juniorships, by those whose age gave them the improper privilege of subjecting them to a state of temporary servitude, were almost always the greatest tyrants in their turn;—whereas it should seem that the very reverse would happen; and

murmur at being detained by a sort of dissertation on negro slavery, I should have tempted their patience for a few pages more, if I had not, since I wrote this part, seen Mr. Edwards's History of the West Indies, where clearness of style and accuracy of description are united with knowledge of the subject, integrity of heart, and general humanity—and where the English gentleman is not for a moment lost in the Jamaica planter.

that

that those who had been thus injuriously treated when children, would feel for the defenceless condition of their juniors, when they themselves became young men.—It has been received as a maxim, that human nature is every where the same;—and if these observations are just, it is exemplified in remarking, that such of the negroes as are entrusted with any degree of authority over their unhappy countrymen, exercise that authority with infinitely more rigour than the white superintendants.

CHAP. IV.

AFTER remaining some months in Barbadoes, we embarked for Europe with our two children, in the hope of arriving without a repetition of those accidents that had hitherto pursued us; and though the convoy of a fifty gun ship and a small frigate was unequal to the charge of a number of merchantmen so considerable, we trusted to the superiority of our skill, as Englishmen, in naval affairs, and to the courage of our sailors, who were armed as well as we could arm them for their own defence. The voyage was prosperous to the Madeiras; but it was more tedious than usual, as is ever the case with a convoy; and I found my health suffer extremely. A slow fever seemed to be gradually undermining my constitution; and the

the progress of the disease was but too visible in my countenance, which I often saw Isabella watching with the tenderest anxiety. I endeavoured to dissipate her fears, and to make light of my complaints, which I imputed principally to the confinement on board ship; and I assured her, that, on my returning to my usual mode of life, I should soon recover my health. But while I thus attempted to quiet her fears, I believed them so well grounded, that fearing death but little for myself, I looked forward with extreme pain to what might be her destiny, and that of my children, after my death, which I was persuaded would happen before the ship reached England. I now again repented of that rashness which had thus involved in difficulties Isabella and my children—for whom I saw only the most melancholy destiny:—I could not hope my uncle would forgive and receive them, and I had no other relation at all likely to give them an asylum:—her friends, if they were disposed to offer

fer it, had hardly the means; and it was only in reflecting on the tenderness of Mrs. Somerive for her daughter, that my anxious spirits found any repose; and I flattered myself that such a mother would pardon and receive her widowed child; and that Isabella, on the small pension of an officer's widow, might live with her, and bring up my two boys. But when I thought of the youth and beauty of my wife, I could not fail to recollect how improbable it was that she should long remain my widow. I then saw her in the arms of another, and my children become burthensome to another family.—Such were the reflections that incessantly tormented me, irritating the disease that seemed rapidly destroying me;—and so insupportable did they at length become, that I wished not unfrequently, that some of those accidents to which a voyage is liable might put an end at once to my personal sufferings, and my fears for my family, and that we might all perish together.

No

No accident of any consequence however occurred. We were within a week's sail of England; and though my weakness was hourly more perceptible, I believed that I should have the melancholy satisfaction of restoring Isabella to the protection of her own family before I died; when, by some carelessness in regard to the obedience to signals, or from the impatience with which the convoy awaited the progress of such a number of merchant-ships, we one morning found, that, together with another vessel, we had lost the convoy in the night, and all the rest of our company.—

As we were now where the greatest danger was to be apprehended from privateers, the Captain crowded all his canvass in hopes of overtaking the convoy: but this divided us from our only remaining companion, without giving us the security we pursued; and in the dawn of the first morning after our separation, we saw a large French privateer so near us, that resistance would have answered no other purpose than an
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unnecessary waste of life; and perhaps would have occasioned harsher treatment of the survivors: I did not therefore oppose the commander's resolution to strike.—We were boarded by the French crew, among whom more than a third were Americans; and in general they behaved much better than I expected, for the Captain was a man of decent manners.—We had not, however, been in their possession an hour, when we perceived great confusion among them; and I soon understood that it was occasioned by two sail which they perceived bearing down upon them, which they took to be English frigates—an idea in which they were immediately confirmed notwithstanding their endeavours to escape.—The vessels neared so fast, and were of such force, one being of forty-four and the other of thirty-six guns, that our baffled conquerors could neither fight nor fly; and within four hours after our capture we were once more at liberty,

and were carried with the privateer to Lisbon.

Here I immediately took Isabella and my children on shore; and determined not to proceed to England but in a ship of war, that I might no more meet with accidents such as we had hitherto been liable to.—A few days' stay at Lisbon made me, however, a temporary convert to the doctrine of optimism:—my fever left me, and I found myself so much better that I began to think my being thus accidentally led thither was the most fortunate event that could have befallen me—and that all was for the best.

Isabella, whose fears for my life had been greater than she had ever expressed to me, beheld this alteration with transport, and prevailed upon me to determine to remain in a country, the air of which promised to restore my health.

England had nothing which, in my present situation, offered much inducement to
me

me to sacrifice that health to the love of my native country, where, when I arrived, I knew not how to subsist; and if I was reduced to humiliating circumstances, I thought I could better submit to them among strangers, than among those who had been accustomed to see me in a style of life so different.

But Lisbon is by no means a cheap residence; and Cintra, that epitome of all that is lovely in nature, more expensive still.—Six-and-thirties flew very fast; and I had no means of replenishing my purse, which in three weeks was so reduced that I began to suffer all that anguish of heart which can only be guessed at by those who, without being able to escape it, see the horrors of poverty approaching beings infinitely beloved. At this period, when I was in dread of being compelled to solicit a loan from some of my English acquaintance—an experiment from which my heart revolted—a ship from England arrived, in which came passenger an old acquaintance

of my uncle's, with whom I had passed many months, either at his own house, or that of General Tracy.—As the first enquiry of an Englishman, on arriving in a foreign city, is, who of his countrymen are there, Admiral Sir Randolph Aldborough soon found me out, and on our first meeting made me some very severe remonstrances on the folly I had been guilty of in disobliging my uncle, whose anger he assured me (by way of comfort) there was no hope of appeasing.—I excused myself as well as I could, by pleading love, of which the old Admiral had no more idea than of the Rosicrucian philosophy:—he ridiculed the absurdity I had committed, in throwing away the certainty of so fine a fortune to gratify a romantic whim; and told me that no woman on earth was an apology for such a sacrifice.—I felt myself but little obliged to him for his rough remonstrance, and left him in no disposition to renew my visit:—the Admiral, whose long acquaintance with General Tracy gave

gave him great influence over him, might, I knew, be more my friend with him than any other person; and had very probably the power to procure, if not a restoration to his former favour, an allowance such as might save my family from the approaching evils of indigence: but his very loose morals were made so offensively conspicuous by his very coarse manners, and his unfeeling selfishness so little disguised by the usages of common civility, which he disdained, that I was too much disgusted to attempt conciliating in my favour a man who rather resembled Diogenes than Epicurus; and though I had known him so many years, it was now so long since I had seen him, that the grossness of his behaviour seemed strangely shocking.—The contrast was indeed so great between him and his old friend General Tracy, that I often wondered how they had so many years maintained such an uninterrupted intercourse, for friendship is a name which

would be profaned by applying it to the intimacy of two ancient debauchees.

Sir Randolph was not, like General Tracy, a man of family; but the son of a country attorney, who, being what is called a wicked dog, had been sent to sea as fit for nothing else.—As he soon became a very good seaman, he was promoted to be a lieutenant, when, in an engagement under Hawke, he was the oldest officer left alive on board:—by his resolute conduct in this affair he became a captain, and was soon after knighted and sent to the East Indies; where he took some considerable prizes, and returned with near a hundred thousand pounds to England.—Having now the power of indulgence, he became a professed voluptuary; and having made his own fortune, he felt himself accountable to nobody for his manner of disposing of it. He sent his brothers' and sisters' boys to sea, as he had been sent himself; and declared against the importunity of nephews and cousins.

But

But he was by this time visited by importunity from which he could not so easily escape: the jaundice and the gout, threatening yet more unwelcome visitors, had obliged him to quit his seraglios and his country, and follow the advice of his physicians, who, after having kept him in their hands between Bath, Cheltenham, and London, for four or five years, during which his complaints were rather increased than diminished, had at last the honesty to tell him that a hot country might so far restore his shattered constitution as to render life tolerable. As he had a true sailor's antipathy to all foreigners, and was besides unwilling to remove from the scenes where his wealth had accumulated around him all that luxury can bestow, he had put off this journey till his swelled legs and cadaverous countenance warned him, that if he continued to neglect it, he should soon perforce take one much longer, and to which he had a more decided dislike.—He resolved upon it therefore; and growing

much better during his fortnight's voyage, he arrived in amended spirits at Lisbon, though quite a cripple, and wheeled from one apartment to another in a gouty chair. A very short time improved his health considerably: he now ventured to be carried out; and about a fortnight after my visit to him, when I was one day reflecting on my comfortless prospects, with Isabella sitting by me, and our two little children, one in her arms and the other playing at her feet, the Admiral was brought into the room—a visit I could most willingly have dispensed with; and it was particularly painful to Isabella, to whom I had related some part of my former conversation with my old acquaintance, together with his character, neither of which were calculated to prejudice her in his favour.

The idea of the prejudice he had conceived against her, and of that which he might do us all with General Tracy, covered with blushes of apprehension and uneasiness the fine face of Isabella; nor were they dissipated

pated by the manners of Sir Randolph, who, as soon as he had seated himself in his chair, and placed his feet easy, which his servants were some time in settling, took out his glass, and levelling it at my wife, surveyed her for a moment in silence;—then turning to me, he cried—“ So that is thy girl, Warwick, is it?—well, I won’t say any more that thou wert altogether inexcusable, my lad. But after all, Madam (you will pardon a blunt seaman), I must think my friend here should not have cut himself out for ever, as he has done, from General Tracy’s favour.—Damn it, these are not times when a young fellow should set out upon the plan of all for love.”

Piqued at this brutal address to Isabella, whose tears could hardly be restrained, I answered, “ No, Sir Randolph! but my uncle thought an old fellow might adopt that plan.”

“ And very properly.—Let me tell you, General Tracy had a right to please himself; for he has a fortune which gives him

that right.—It was a very different thing in regard to you, my boy. But come (for he saw, I believe, that I looked very much hurt and offended) we will talk over this matter another time; and we will see what is to be done to prevail upon our old friend to take you in tow again with your pretty pinnace here, and give you some snug birth.—Be honest; should you be sorry to have such an attempt made?"

Certainly not," answered I, "I should undoubtedly be very glad to be restored to my uncle's favour, not only on account of my interest, but for the real love and respect I bear him."——"Love and respect!—pooh, damn it, Warwick, let's have none of that cant: I hate a fellow that talks like a parson of what he does not feel, and knows he's lying damnably all the time.—Nay, don't look so angry, child: you loved and respected poor Tracy plaguily, to be sure, when you stole his wench from him." Isabella now took her two children, and left the room in tears. "Heydey," continued

tinued Sir Randolph, "where's she going?—why, she's not at all the girl I've had described to me—"

He was proceeding when I interrupted him, and said very gravely, "I know not, Sir Randolph Aldborough, how Mrs. Warwick has been described to you; but I know your behaviour towards her is such as I should be very sorry if she gave you an opportunity of repeating."

"You are a fool, Warwick!" replied he; "and your wife, whom I took for a woman of sense and spirit, seems to me to be another.—Why, what the devil did I say? Go, go, fetch her back: she must be a little used to me, and we shall be the best friends in the world."

"You will excuse me, Sir Randolph," answered I, "I am persuaded whatever farther conference you honour me with, will be properest by ourselves."

Sir Randolph then suddenly changed his tone, and finding that even the hope of obtaining by his interposition a return

of my uncle's favour, would not induce me to submit to the least failure of that respect which he owed to my wife, he affected to be sorry that "his blunt way," as he called it, had hurt her; and, making an apology I little expected, and as little cared for, he declared that he had no other purpose in enquiring into my affairs than that of seeing what could be done to serve me: "for I know very well," continued he, "that, after the circumstances of which you gave me a slight sketch the other day, your finances cannot be in a flourishing way. A wife and cubs are expensive; and I feel already what it is to live at Lisbon.—If even a full purse is sensible of it, what must your's be, dear Warwick?—a broken soldier after unsuccessful campaigns!"

Though nothing was less likely than this purse-proud arrogance to gain my confidence, yet my situation was so critical, and the probability of mending it by Sir Randolph's interposition so great, that

I re-

I resolved to sacrifice my feelings to my prudence: I acknowledged, then, that my actual condition was far from being comfortable; and that, however beneficial the air of Portugal was to my health (and that I was still indisposed my looks were sufficient evidence), yet that I must, for want of the means of continuing in it, return to England, though my prospects there were not much better, and though I knew not how to pay the expence of our passage.—The old Admiral listened to my narrative with the air of a man who heard only what he expected: but when it was ended, he told me he was pleased with my sincerity; and that he would consider in what way he could attempt, with the greatest probability of success, procuring from my uncle, if not a return of favour, at least a remedy against the present inconveniences I was under.—In the mean time, added he, if twenty or thirty guineas will be of any use to you, they are at your service:—you know I don't affect lending money, by which one
often

often loses a friend : but let me present this to your brats to buy sugar-plums ;— and, d'ye hear, my old friend, make up matters for me with your wife, and bring her to see me.—I am to have a party of our countrywomen, who are here at Lisbon, to-morrow :—do you come, mind ; and tell Madam, that if I am not so civil and full of flattery as some folks are, that I am a damned deal sounder at heart.” He then took out of a pocket-book, which seemed full of bank-bills, one for forty pounds, which he said was the least he had about him ; and putting it into my hand, bade me call his servants, who waited in the antichamber : I willingly obeyed, glad to escape from the awkward sensation that overwhelmed me in feeling myself, for the first time in my life, obliged for a pecuniary favour to a man I neither loved nor esteemed ; and I repeated to myself with an aching heart,

“ My poverty, and not my will, consents.”

While his servants were preparing for his removal, he told me that he would have me think no more of leaving Lisbon at present ; and took care to let his people know that I was under his patronage, and that he had undertaken to set matters right with my uncle : for the Admiral was one of those people who feel no other delight in doing good, but in the praise it procures them of benevolence and generosity—and who have so little taste even for that, that it very rarely, and never unassisted by other motives, has power to counteract their avarice.

As soon as he was gone, I related to Isabella as much of what passed as I thought likely to raise her dejected spirits, and reconcile her to her new acquaintance, to whom she seemed (and not without reason) to have taken an aversion.—She was reasonable enough, however, to own that, with a man of his age, and in our situation, she ought to overlook much of his rough and displeasing manner for the sake of the good
it

it was in his power to do our children. For their sakes, who would be so materially benefited by the favour to which the Admiral could perhaps restore us with General Tracy, I saw Isabella determined to sacrifice her dislike and her resentment : and it was settled that we should accept his invitation for the next day, which he took care to remind us of, by a card sent in form as soon as he got home, together with a little present for my wife, of such trifling things as he said, in asking her acceptance of them, were welcome at Lisbon, because they were not to be got there at the shops. We began to believe that the rude sincerity of our countryman was the worst part of his character, and to entertain hopes of great advantage from his friendship in regard to a reconciliation with General Tracy.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

I HAVE so often had occasion to mention my wife in describing the different scenes we passed through together, that it is by this time evident to my friends, why I rather chose to write than to relate our adventures in our family circle.—Isabella, never, I think, so handsome as at this period, was neither so much depressed by our reverse of fortune, or so weaned from her former love of admiration, as not to desire to find she still had a claim to it—never, indeed, did she appear more beautiful than at this assembly of Sir Randolph's.—Her dress was simple in the extreme, and perhaps appeared more so in a country where the ladies' maids, and often the inferior servants, are gorgeously habited in rose-coloured silk, not unfrequently adorned with

with silver lace. At the old Admiral's lodgings a party was collected of seven or eight English ladies and gentlemen, two French men of fashion, who were of the embassy at Lisbon, and several Portuguese of both sexes. Isabella paid her compliments to Sir Randolph, as he sat in his moveable chair, with a grace which I immediately saw fascinated all the men of the party; but the recollection of what had passed the day before, covered her face with blushes, and gave exactly that degree of diffidence and embarrassment to her otherwise easy manner, as rendered it infinitely attractive.—The old Admiral checked himself, as he was about to utter some rough compliment; but I saw that my apology for having married was now effectually made, and I hoped we had found in Sir Randolph a second father.

The evening passed off very agreeably, though the English ladies, who were women of rank, looked upon Isabella with supercilious coldness, and seemed neither pleased
with

with the admiration she visibly excited among the men, nor at all disposed to join in it—I had been acquainted with some of them in London, and with me they appeared to have no objection to renew their acquaintance, though I perceived that they would have dispensed with the necessity it imposed on them to be acquainted with my wife.

From that time, however, we began to live a good deal together, and frequent parties were made at the lodgings of Sir Randolph Aldborough, whose health was greatly amended, and who, notwithstanding the blunt coarseness of his manners were extremely distressing to me, and still more so to Isabella, seemed to be so truly friendly, and to have our interests so much at heart, that my former dislike to him gave way to gratitude and esteem.—He undertook to procure me a remittance from England, and said, that though he should not directly apply for it to General Tracy, yet he was sure he could so manage his family pride

as

as to procure it for us ; which I thought extremely probable, from my knowledge of the General's temper : and after waiting the usual time, I heard, with very great pleasure, that Sir Randolph had succeeded, and we received an hundred guineas, which he assured us my uncle had desired him to furnish us with, without however naming *him*.—" I believe," cried the Admiral, as he gave this sum into the hands of Isabella, " I believe I am acting a damned treacherous part in betraying my friend Tracy to you—ye two sad, run-away, graceless rogues ! but I'll be cursed if I don't believe you have bewitched me to your party, and that I shall be fool enough to take a fancy to these youngsters of yours myself, instead of encouraging Tracy to hold out against them." By such kind of conversation, when we were together, he continued to give me the most perfect reliance on his friendship, and, at the same time, to hold out the most flattering expectations of future advantage to our children.

Elated

Elated with this prospect, and relieved from my late apprehensions of being exposed to pecuniary distresses in a strange land, my health was nearly re-established, and my gay spirits returned.—Isabella, however, did not seem so happy as I thought she ought to have been under this change of circumstances; yet she appeared sensible of the obligations she owed the Admiral, and glad, by every little attention which she could properly shew him, to evince her gratitude:—she often sat with him in a morning, with the children, for whom he expressed increasing fondness, and accepted, without scruple, the presents he made sometimes to her, but oftener to them.—I, in the mean time, continued to cultivate my acquaintance among the English, and was very much with them, particularly with Mrs. Effingham, now married to an English gentleman, who was the same I used to coquet with during her early widowhood in Jamaica. Isabella knew we had formerly been much acquainted, but,

on the first arrival of Mrs. Effingham, had appeared pleased with her. In point of personal beauty she was, though still a young woman, very much changed. The air of England, where she had been settled for some years, seemed to have disagreed with her; and late hours, and the fatigue of a fashionable life, had so much injured a constitution naturally very delicate, that her husband (as apprehensive perhaps for her income, of which much depended on her life, as for her life itself) hurried her to Lisbon, where she soon recovered health enough to be encouraged to continue in the air of Portugal; and her physicians assured her, that a season of the baths at Caldos da Rainha would entirely relieve her from the remains of her disorder.—Hither, therefore, it was determined she should go. About the same time, some persons of the Admiral's acquaintance returned from thence entirely relieved from the gout, for which it had been prescribed. This encouraged Sir Randolph to try what effect

effect it would have on him: some other of our friends were also going; and though I was fortunately no longer numbered among the invalids, little persuasion was necessary to make me resolve to go also, and I formed a scheme of travelling from thence to Gibraltar, where I had several friends in garrison, whom it would be a great pleasure to meet. As a military man, I had a curiosity to see the fortress itself, after the memorable siege it had sustained; and I knew that I could from thence obtain, in a King's ship, a passage to England for myself and my family.

Isabella neither opposed nor approved this scheme, the expence of which, to say the truth, ought to have deterred me from adopting it; but the Admiral had contrived to let me know, in a way as if his friendship for me had compelled him to violate his integrity towards my uncle, that I might have of him whatever supplies I wanted, and that General Tracy had undertaken to repay him, though his
resentment

resentment was not yet sufficiently subsided to allow him openly to assist me.

This journey to the Caldos, though the party was composed of almost all invalids, had the air of an excursion of pleasure—Every body was gay, and Isabella not less so than the rest; but I sometimes fancied her gaiety was forced, and I was sure that Mrs. Effingham was not the woman of our little company (for there were three other English ladies with us) whom my wife liked the best; but this I imputed to one of those caprices which women of the best sense frequently give way to in regard to each other, for rivalry I imagined there could be none, where there was no comparison—Isabella was in the early bloom of youth, and her beauty was acknowledged—Mrs. Effingham had never been very handsome, and ill health had done more than time towards depriving her of the few charms she once possessed—In point of understanding and accomplishments the advantage was equally on the

memorandum

side

side of Isabella. Mrs. Effingham, though she had received the best education that could be given her in Jamaica, and had learned a little of every thing, had all the West-Indian indolence about her, and never had taken the trouble to retain the few acquirements she had made.—Her reading never went beyond a fashionable novel, a magazine, a popular pamphlet, or a newspaper; which she caused one of her mulatto women to read to her, while another of them, or her black valet-de-chambre, dressed her hair. But she had a tolerable memory, a lively way of telling a scandalous anecdote, or relating a conversation; and something of an illegitimate sort of wit, which was never repressed by her modesty:—she was withal a decided coquet, as fond of admiration as when she was a girl; and since her second marriage she had got into good company—for, to what is called so in England, riches will ever be a passport. Thus, without one superior acquirement, or one very amiable

quality, Mrs. Effingham was agreeable in conversation; and her vivacity, as well as our former acquaintance, made me more frequently address myself to her than to the other women of our circle, as well during our journey as after our arrival at the Baths, where, according to the style of living at the place, every body seemed to be at liberty to form the parties and take the strolls they pleased. The old Admiral, who had a Portuguese carriage and a set of beautiful mules, frequently went out for the air, and Isabella, with one of her children, often accompanied him. — Mrs. Effingham, too, had a carriage; but she preferred walking, when the heats would admit, and I frequently lent her my arm on these occasions, sometimes with other ladies, and sometimes tête-à-tête. As to her husband, who was but a cypher any where, and to whom she was not, to say the truth, greatly attached, he had gone to England—when it was decided that she should stay six months longer in Portugal, and

and at the end of that time he was to return to accompany her home.

Sir Randolph Aldborough was become young again in consequence of the success of these Baths, and had thrown away his crutches—We had continual parties at his lodgings, which were the best in the place, and Isabella seemed always the person whom these meetings were designed to please. The Admiral spoke openly of his attachment to us all; and intimated, in no very equivocal terms, that my children were to be his heirs.

A month or five weeks had passed imperceptibly away—I had sometimes thought Isabella's behaviour to Mrs. Effingham cold, and even rude; and at other times I fancied it was merely the effect of casual low spirits, and that the vivacity and agreeable trifling of Mrs. Effingham were too much for my wife, who, though she naturally possessed a great flow of spirits, was now very frequently pensive, and even sad; which, when I enquired the reason,

she imputed to her uncertainty about her own family, the death of her father and her brother which often recurred to her, and the precarious situation of our own fortune, about which my temper, naturally sanguine, rendered me too indifferent. These were, indeed, causes which might sufficiently account for occasional despondence, and even for those tears which I sometimes discovered that Isabella shed of a night, when, believing me sleeping, she gave way to uneasiness which, during the day, she appeared solicitous to conceal. When I thus detected her, I remonstrated with her on the folly of indulging useless regret for the past, and endeavoured to represent the future in more favourable colours: she heard me with acquiescence rather than pleasure, and promised to make herself easy—though every day I observed her disquiet become more visible.—Such was our situation, when a Portuguese gentleman arrived at the Baths, in whom, though he was now
called

called the Conde de Villanova, and almost as much changed in appearance as in name, I immediately, on his being introduced to us, discovered our former acquaintance and fellow-traveller Don Julian. The alteration which had happened in his fortune, was so far from having given him gaiety in proportion to the splendour which he was now entitled to, that he was more dejected and melancholy than when we met with him a wandering exile from his country—but a ray of pleasure lightened up his countenance when he found that I received him as an old friend; and this pleasure was evidently increased when he was introduced to Isabella, who shewed more satisfaction than I had observed her to express for many weeks, at this unexpected renewal of our acquaintance with the young Portuguese. The recollection of the jealousy I had formerly conceived, occurred to me, and I felt at once ashamed of my weakness, and ready to relapse into it; but since that time I had received so

many proofs of my wife's tenderness and attachment, that I was conscious there was both folly and ingratitude in suffering the shadow of a doubt to cross my imagination. Don Julian told me, that since we parted, the study of the English language had been his principal amusement, and had beguiled many mournful hours.—He spoke it but little, though he seemed to understand it enough to enjoy the conversation of the English, among whom he was desirous of being admitted; and in our society he passed all those hours which he could spare from a sick relation, on whose account he had come to the Caldos.

I observed, soon after his introduction among us, that Sir Randolph Aldborough, though he professed, with the true vulgar illiberality of a low-bred Englishman, to detest all other nations, had taken a dislike to Don Julian, as an individual, as well as because he was a Portuguese; and this dislike was sometimes so evident as to give me pain; nor did it seem to escape the
notice

notice of Don Julian himself, who was more than usually reserved when he was in company with the Admiral, which the latter evaded as much as he could, by leaving him out of the party when it was assembled at his house; but at the lodgings of others they unavoidably met, and I saw they were evidently displeased with each other.—As no man could be more polite, even to formality, than Don Julian, I was sure he could not have given any offence to Sir Randolph, and I imputed the disgust he seemed to have conceived, to the aversion which he very openly professed to foreigners. That aversion, and the roughness of his manners, sufficiently accounted for the dislike which, though he tried to conceal it, I could not help noticing on the part of my Portuguese friend. The Admiral, whose newly regained health did not now promise to be so permanent as he had fondly believed, relapsed, not only into some gouty complaints, but into those fits of peevishness and ill humour from which

he had been lately exempt.—Isabella complained that the heat of the climate disagreed with her, and was visibly out of spirits—though her health seemed extremely good, if her appearance was to be trusted, for she never was more perfectly handsome :—her health, however, was the pretence she made for being less constantly among the parties which still occasionally assembled, and for declining entirely to accompany Sir Randolph on his airings—which I observed displeased him. I was sorry for his displeasure, because we were obliged to him—perhaps still more because we had so much occasion for his good offices with my uncle ; for I believe, though it is discreditable to human nature, that there is much truth in that remark of Rochefoucault :

“ On ne trouve guere des ingrats dès qu'on est en état de faire du bien.”

I will not declare (though I did not analyse my sentiments with much exactness at the time) that I did not attend to the
Admiral

Admiral rather through the hope of what he *might* do, than gratitude for what he *bad* done :—I had committed follies enough in the early part of my life to tempt me then to what I have since thought a degradation, and to stoop to the pitiful expedient of legacy-hunting. I should be more ashamed of this than I am, if it had lasted long, or if I had descended to any unworthy meanness in its pursuit ; but I was soon and effectually startled from my delusion, and restored to a sense of what I owed myself.

I was one morning sitting with Sir Randolph Aldborough, when my servant came to inform me Don Julian had been waiting some time at my lodgings, expecting my return, and that, as he particularly wished to see me before he went from the Caldos (business having unexpectedly called him away), Mrs. Warwick had directed me to be sent for. At the first mention of the name of Don Julian, the old Admiral's countenance was overclouded ; but when he heard he was going to leave the place,

he seemed altogether as much delighted; and when the servant had left the room, and I expressed my surprise at so sudden an alteration in the plan of my Portuguese friend, Sir Randolph very bluntly expressed *his* satisfaction, and added—"And though it is a strange thing to say, Warwick, for one has no notion of an Englishman's having any thing to be afraid of from these lubberly Portuguese, I should be d——d glad of it too, if I were you." I stared, and repeated the word "afraid!" in an accent sufficiently expressive of my astonishment.—"Afraid!" repeated he—"aye, afraid!—why don't you see, don't you know that your friend Don Julian is in love with your wife?—don't you know that, under pretence of coming with some of his relations to these here Baths, he has followed her?—and don't you see—damn it, 'tis impossible but that you must see—that he makes love to her before your face?"—"Make love to my wife, Sir!" cried I: "dares any man think of such a thing?" "Many

“Many a one, I warrant you,” interrupted Sir Randolph—“why not to *your* wife as well as to the wives of other folks?”

“Death and fury!” exclaimed I, “it is impossible, he dares not.”—My former jealousy then rushed upon my recollection, and I stopped. The Admiral smiled contemptuously—“It is the ~~character~~ character of the

rash,” said he, “to despise ~~for~~ their enemy—Dares not! who can tell what a puppy of that sort dares, who, in this beggarly bit of a kingdom, is a grandee, or a something, with a pedigree, I suppose, since the Flood?

Fellows who appear the most contemptible to us, are very often favourites with the women.” “You know then, Sir,” cried I, “that Isabella has given some marks of preference to this man:—I must insist immediately upon an explanation.” “Aye, do,” answered Sir Randolph, “go, by all means, and get run through the body, or shot through the head—that will clear up matters surprisingly.” “What would you have me do, then?” demanded I.

“Only be quiet,” answered he, “and let the Don go about his business—I suppose he finds he can make nothing of his suit—for your wife is a coquet, but that is all, I dare swear—and he will go quietly of himself.”—I interrupted him, “No, Sir Randolph, he does not go quietly, if I have reason to believe he ever dared to lift his eyes to my Isabella.”—“Pooh, pooh!” answered he, “how can you prove it?—she won’t tell you if he has.” “By Heaven, but she shall, though,” cried I. “Nonsense!” was his reply. “But,” said I, with still more warmth, “did you not, Sir, this moment say, that you have seen Don Julian make love to my wife before my face?” “Aye,” returned he, “I said so, I believe, but I saw no more than what you or half the world might have seen; the Don, with those queer-looking eyes of his, and his broken English, contrives to be very expressive.” Recovered from the amazement and displeasure into which the abrupt and unaccountable behaviour of Sir

Sir Randolph had at first thrown me, I began to imagine that he meant nothing but to prejudice me against Don Julian, and to rally the coquetry which he fancied he sometimes discovered in Isabella:—I was sure of her invariable attachment to me, and was ashamed, even for a moment, to have betrayed any mistrust where it was so little deserved. The Admiral, judging from his own feelings, had but a very slight opinion of the honour of men, or the virtue of women; and the languishing and lack-a-dayfical manner of Don Julian towards women in general, but more particularly, perhaps, towards Isabella, whom he often declared he looked upon as his fair deliverer, and professed to consider as a superior being, might, in an imagination so sullied as the old Admiral's, produce notions far from the truth. I took leave, therefore, of Sir Randolph, in the full persuasion that all he had said had no other source, and resolved to behave as usual to my friend Julian, for whose departure, though

though I really liked and esteemed him, I was not sorry, since his manner gave rise to such misinterpretations of his meaning.

I found him sitting with Isabella—the children were in the room, and their maid and hers at work in a small adjoining apartment, as is the Portuguese custom, where the doors are seldom or never shut, and women of fashion have their female servants at work in the apartments around them.

I saluted Don Julian in my usual friendly way; but I thought, as he answered me, there seemed on his countenance an unusual expression of concern; and when I looked at my wife, it appeared beyond a doubt that she had been weeping:—again, all I had formerly fancied myself, and all the Admiral had just been speaking upon, recurred to me. I said coldly to Don Julian, that I was sorry we were going to lose him, and then looked so expressively at Isabella, that she could not mistake my meaning, adding, “I see, Sir, that your loss will be much regretted;” then, turning

to her, I added, "It seems already, madam, to have cost *you* some tears."

"Yes," replied Isabella, "I have been weeping with Don Julian over his own misfortunes; and he agrees with me, that the hour of parting from a friend, who can sympathise from his or her own feelings with ours, is not one of the least painful moments of life." She then left the room; and I, turning to Don Julian, asked with impatience, if not with roughness, what all this meant?

He answered in Portuguese, which I by this time understood, though I could speak it but little—"Ah, my dear English friend, your wife is an angel, a saint of Paradise—Is it possible that there can be in the world a woman you prefer to her?—Is it possible that you can see with indifference"—I here interrupted him with a great oath in plain English, and between my passion, and the difficulty of his making me enter into his meaning, we were a long time before we understood each other at all: at length
I com-

I comprehended that Isabella was dissatisfied with me, on account of an attachment which she fancied I had to Mrs. Effingham. That she should make Don Julian the confident of her suspicion, renewed all my rage, and I expressed myself in terms of reproach so bitter and violent, that had Don Julian been as hot-headed as I was, an immediate recourse must have been had to arms; but the conscious rectitude of his mind, together with his regard for me, gave him a degree of coolness very unusual among the Portuguese. "My friend," said he mildly, "I pardon your suspicions, I feel them to be natural; would to Heaven, however, that you had no other enemy to your honour than I am!—If you knew me better, if you knew the history of my unfortunate life, you would believe that, however I may admire the dazzling, the irresistible beauty of Donna Isabella—and no man can admire it more—yet, that it is the admiration of a brother, of a friend only, and can never be any injury to

to you or to her." The manner in which Don Julian spoke, convinced me at once of his sincerity, and disarmed my resentment:—"What are," said I, "the extraordinary circumstances of your life, Don Julian, to which you have often alluded?"—"I know not," answered he, "whether you will have patience to hear them." "You believe, then," replied I, relapsing for a moment into my former suspicions, "that my wife has more patience than I have, for I perceive you have related them to her!" "Only partially, I assure you," said Don Julian—"Alas!" continued he with a sigh, "it costs me too much to recall the scenes I have passed." "Well, Sir," replied I, "if you will be so good as to oblige me, it will gratify me; but it shall be, if you please, after I have spoken to Mrs. Warwick, whose strange suspicions, in regard to another lady, amaze and concern me." "I assure you," said Don Julian, "I have endeavoured to persuade her they are unfounded, and I hope, for
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the mutual peace of two persons whom I so sincerely love and esteem, that you will be able to convince her of it." I now requested Don Julian (who told me he should not leave the place till the evening of the following day) to meet me as soon as the heats of the present day were over, at a walk near the town, which I pointed out to him. I then went in search of Isabella, who was dressing for a party of three or four ladies only, at the house of an Englishwoman of fashion lately arrived: I desired her to send away her woman, and then very seriously asked her, and perhaps with more appearance of displeasure than I had ever in my life assumed towards her before—what was meant by the nonsense she had been talking to Don Julian about Mrs. Effingham?—She bade me ask my own conscience—I protested that it entirely acquitted me. She treated my assurances with incredulity, and even with contempt, and we parted, for the first time since our marriage, with mutual displeasure; Isabella refusing

refusing to tell me who had infused into her mind suspicions so unjust, and assuring me, that there needed no instigator to make *her* remark what every body at the Caldos saw, long before she could be induced to notice it; and when she saw me extremely hurt, she haughtily bade me console myself with my Creolian favourite: then, without seeking to sooth the pain she had inflicted, she went to her engagement, which was to dine with her female friends; and after passing some of the most uneasy moments of my life, during which time the innocent prattle of my eldest boy rather added to than abated my anguish, I set out for my rendezvous with Don Julian, or, as I should rather say, the Conde de Villanova.

C H A P. VI.

WHEN I joined Villanova we walked together some time in silence, which he at length put an end to by beginning in a low voice the following history of himself:

“ I do not know, my friend, whether I told you, during the comfortless scenes we formerly passed through together, that my family were noble and rich, and that, during the time my father occupied a public station at Brasil, he acquired a great addition to his family property by purchases in the New World. He died soon after his return to Portugal, leaving only my brother and myself, yet minors, to the care of a mother, who was equally attached to us both. She was of a very illustrious family, and her brother filled one of the most important

portant posts under government. He had three sons, who were reckoned the finest young men at the court of Portugal, and an only daughter, who, at the early death of her own mother, had been given by the Marquis de Paredas into the care of mine, who, having no daughter of her own, became tenderly attached to her niece, and removed her from the convent where she was placed, much earlier than is usual in Portugal. The Marquis de Paredas, engaged in public life, gave her up entirely to the care of his sister, and, occupied in the project of establishing his sons, who he had every reason to believe would aggrandize his family by the highest employments and most illustrious alliance, he did not propose giving to Donna Xaviera so large a fortune as ought in justice to have been her share of his possessions; but her fortune was still such as made the plan my mother had at heart extremely eligible:—she wished to unite me and her niece, and her brother willingly

willingly assented to the proposal:—love had already united our hearts; such beauty as my charming cousin possessed in my eyes, appeared so little common, that I could hardly believe the Marquis de Paredas, her father, had not higher views for her than to give her to a younger brother. Her mind was then as lovely as her form—sweetness and simplicity were the characters of her mind as well as her person; and when I had my brother's permission to consider her as my future wife, I thought myself the most fortunate of men. She was yet very young, I was not myself nineteen, when it was determined that this marriage should take place, and preparations were made for its celebration. You have heard, undoubtedly, of the extravagant passion of my countrymen for bull-fights?—In Portugal, this passion, far from having yielded to the progress of reason, was a very few years since more prevalent than ever, and the young noblemen who piqued themselves on their gallantry and figure appeared in

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the arena as picadores, or cavaliers, to contend with those animals. One of my cousins, Don Fernando del Aquilo, the eldest son of my mother's brother, was celebrated for his exploits in these combats; the hearts of several court ladies had severely suffered from his prowess, and he had no rival in his honours but his next brother, Don Isidor, who, at the two or three last of these spectacles, had equalled his fame: but the most perfect friendship subsisted between them, as well as with their younger brother, Don Francisco, and the three brothers were content with the universal suffrage which was given to them, as the finest young men in Portugal. To sustain a character so highly flattering, the two eldest entered the lists, at a most splendid bull-feast, at which all the court were to be present.—Ah! fatal day, which I shall ever have cause to regret! Whether the animal now brought to the arena was more fierce than usual, or that Don Fernando from constant success was less upon his guard, I know

know not, but at the first onset he was overthrown by the enraged beast, and killed upon the spot. His brother, Don Isidor, who waited to encounter a second bull, no sooner knew that he had fallen, than he flew to his assistance; but it was too late to save him, nor had the gallant unfortunate youth any other satisfaction than that of laying the furious animal dead—not, however, till he had himself received a violent contusion, of which he languished two days, and then expired. Judge of the anguish of the Marquis de Paredas! so lately the happiest father in Lisbon, now deprived of his two eldest sons!—But the measure of his calamities was not yet full. Don Francisco was at a country residence on the banks of the Tagus, about four miles from Lisbon, when the account reached him of the dreadful misfortune of his two brothers.—Isidor was yet alive, and Francisco, in an agony of grief, hastened to see him. He had a yacht lately built for his amusement on
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the river; and though there was a considerable wind, he hastened into this vessel, and sailed towards Lisbon, in a state of mind bordering on distraction. As they approached the quay where they were to land, some awkwardness of the men on board retarded them. Impatient to get on shore, Don Francisco sprang forward himself to the helm, when the sail being suddenly let go, the boom struck him with such violence on the temple, that he fell immediately overboard. His attendants, in the utmost consternation, only hindered each other in their attempts to save him. They drew him, at length, out of the water, but he was dead*. What a scene did the arrival of such intelligence create at the house of the Marquis de Paredas! My mother, who

* An account of the events which are here related in regard to three brothers of a noble family in Portugal, who perished within three days of each other, in the manner here described, was sent me from thence three years since, by a friend then in that country, nearly in whose words I have given them. The rest is fable.

was there with Donna Xaviera, could never speak of it but with the most cruel testimonies of the impresson it had left upon her mind.—Ah! my dear friend, how perverse is human nature! The Marquis de Paredas had no sooner recovered from a shock which seemed to annihilate for ever all his hopes, and give him a terrible lesson on the vanity of ambition, than he sought in the ruin of my happiness to make himself some amends for what he had lost. Donna Xaviera was, by the death of her three brothers, become the richest heiress in Portugal, and was no longer to be thought of by a younger brother, like me; on the contrary, it was determined by the family to give her to my brother Don Felipe, and to unite the titles and fortunes of the two houses. It was in vain that my tears and despair, and the reluctance of Xaviera, combated this cruel resolution; my mother, though her heart bled for us, could not resist, or even attempt to oppose the will of a brother, who having had always a
great

great influence over her timid and affectionate mind, had now acquired from his recent afflictions a more powerful ascendancy; she would have made it a point of conscience to gratify him at the expence of all the world; and she would not hear me plead a passion which she said was no longer excusable than while it was authorised by duty. Xaviera was no more suffered to speak to me; my tears, my despair were not even heard, for my mother fled from what she could not endure; and that I might no longer tear her heart with my complaints, she took refuge in a convent with Xaviera, under the idea of giving themselves up to prayer for the souls of the three unfortunate young men so untimely lost; and I was refused admittance, as well as every other male relation.—I would have thrown myself at the feet of my cruel uncle, but he took equal care to avoid remonstrances to which he was determined not to listen. Almost in a state of phrensy, I applied to my brother,

Don Felipe, and implored him not to rob me of my Xaviera, of my destined wife, whom I had been taught to consider as such from my infancy. Don Felipe, who already held a place of considerable trust under government, was more of a politician than a brother or a lover—he heard me with patience, professed himself very much concerned at my unhappiness, and declared, that though he could not oppose the absolute commands of his uncle and his mother, yet he should obey them with concern if it could only be at the expence of my tranquillity. Cold as his manner appeared, I yet derived from it a faint gleam of hope—if an order could be obtained from the Crown in my favour.—The idea, however, was flattering only for a moment, yet, as it was the only one that occurred, I pursued it with the eagerness of despair. It served, however, merely to accelerate the evils I dreaded :—instead of obtaining what I was weak enough to hope, an order was instantly expedited, directing the Marquis

quis de Paredas to conclude immediately the marriage of his daughter Donna Xavera with his nephew Don Felipe, as a match highly agreeable to their Majesties ! All farther attempts to counteract this inhuman resolution were, I knew, vain ; and I obtained leave of my mother, as the only favour she could now grant, to quit Portugal, and visit the possessions of my family in the Brazils. It was in my passage thither, with a heart more than half broken, that I met you at the Madeiras, having taken my passage so far in the first ship I found ready to sail, without considering or caring by what means I should afterwards proceed (after touching at the Spanish Islands, where we had also some concerns) to the place of my destination. Stunned as I seemed to be by the certainty of my irreparable misfortune, and insensible to joy or hope, the beauty and simplicity of Mrs. Warwick, with the generous pity which my dejection seemed to raise in her breast, was so soothing to my sick heart,

that I was restored in her company, and when I heard her voice, to the melancholy pleasure of shedding tears, which had long been denied me. There is a cast of countenance belonging to every nation of Europe: at least, so I have fancied. Mrs. Warwick had all the vivacity which has been thought peculiar to the women of the Continent, with the bloom of England;—Donna Xaviera, whom I could no longer call mine, possessed only the first of these advantages, yet my imagination used to amuse itself with making out a resemblance between them, and as far as related to the silver tone of their voices, this was not the work of fancy. While I was with Mrs. Warwick, therefore, I nourished my unhappy passion for one woman, by contemplating the charms of another; yet I sometimes perceived, or feared, that you might be alarmed and displeased at the admiration I evidently felt for your wife, and I endeavoured to conceal it, innocent as it was.

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“ You know what passed while we were together; when we separated, I relapsed into the gloom of despondence; nothing interested, nothing affected me; and though in the pecuniary affairs of my family my voyage had been highly advantageous, I returned to Portugal at the end of near two years, wishing that I knew any other place on earth where I could hide myself, without violating the only duty I now had to fulfil, what I owed to my mother. This alone determined me to revisit Portugal; but such was the temper of my mind, that I wished some such adventure as I had met with on my voyage out, might compel me to seek some other country, or that I might find in the sea the end of all my sorrows; so great a dread had I of seeing Xaviera in the arms of another.”

“ I had heard only once from my mother during my absence, and knew little more of what had passed, than that the Count de Villanova, my brother, became the husband of Xaviera two months after my de-

parture. I prepared myself as well as I could for this meeting—I endeavoured to think of Xaviera only as the wife of my brother; but Xaviera, such as she once was, when her love made the sole happiness of my life, was ever present to my imagination.—At length I arrived at Lisbon; I flew to my mother, who received me with tears of tenderness and joy. I would have enquired, as a matter of form, after my brother and the Condeça de Villanova; but I could only stammer a few incoherent words, which my mother answered thus—“Your brother is well, and much happier, Julian, than you would be in the same circumstances.” I asked an explanation of words I so little understood. She replied coldly, that Donna Xaviera proved a very different woman from what I had fondly imagined her; that her conduct had given some scandal at Lisbon, from the liberties in which she had indulged herself during her stay at Paris, whither she went with the Condé de Villanova, who bore for some months

months a public character there ; that since her return, she had adopted the manners of France, was very little attached to her husband—and that their mutual indifference, and their having no children, had proved the greatest disappointment to the Marquis de Paredas, who saw his hopes of continuing his family in the posterity of his nephew and his daughter, probably baffled. It was with difficulty I could restrain myself from exclaiming aloud against the cruelty which had thus destroyed my happiness, without procuring that of the parties for whom the sacrifice had been made.—Oh ! avarice and ambition, how numberless are your victims ! and even where ye are amply gratified, how little happiness have ye to bestow !—When my mother ceased speaking, I remained silent : my thoughts had reverted to the days for ever gone, when the tender and unadulterated heart of Xaviera was my own ; and I reflected how very differently she would probably have acted, if she had been mine,

and if our hearts, united in Heaven, had not been torn asunder by views of temporal advantage. I believed, and I believe still, that whatever were the errors of this lovely unfortunate woman, they originated entirely in the cruel violence which had been done, in dividing her from the man to whom she had been taught to give her early affections. My mother, however she might feel this truth, was unwilling to acknowledge it, and attempted to impress me with the idea that I was fortunate in having escaped a woman who would have rendered me so completely unhappy; she flattered herself that, by inducing me thus to consider my disappointment, I should at length see her brother, who was the author of it, without resentment, and Donna Xaviera herself without regret. Alas! the incurable wound I had received bled still! yet it was necessary for me to go through this dreadful meeting, and to assume the appearance of indifference. I saw her—I saw this still formidable, this fatal beauty, infinitely

infinitely more lovely than ever in her person—in her manners how changed! yet still she was enchanting, and I found that I dared not trust myself with the dangerous pleasure of contemplating an object so seducing. For this time we met only in a large party of the friends and connexions of the family, and no notice was taken that we had ever been better acquainted: I determined never to see the Condeça de Villanova but in such parties, or in the company of my mother; and this resolution, from the manner of life of women of fashion in Portugal, I thought it by no means difficult to keep.

“Donna Xaviera, however, who was now a decided coquet, was desirous to try how far the power of her charms could conquer the principles of honour and the ties of kindred; and was piqued at the supposition that he who had once worn her chains should dare even to affect having shaken them off. Her love, perhaps, existed no longer; but her vanity induced her so well

to assume its semblance, that I believed myself still the possessor of her heart, and with distraction considered, that as the wife of my brother it was not in destiny itself to give me her person. Since my return to Portugal, she had affected to relinquish her French manners, and to conform more to the wishes of my mother, to whom she was reconciled, and with whom she gradually began to live as she had done before her voyage to France: by this means we were frequently together, and her eyes, the most expressive eyes in the world, were continually engaged in persuading me that her former affection for me had lost none of its force. Never can there be imagined a situation so painful as mine; my passion for her was infinitely more ardent than ever; I believed that she returned it; she was every day with me; and whether she affected to treat me with the tender familiarity our near relationship allowed, or to check herself from the fear of betraying sentiments such

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as that relationship urged her to conquer, *my* torments were equally insupportable, and to escape from them by going again to the West Indies, seemed to be absolutely necessary :—on this I had determined, and, without assigning my real reasons to my mother, I endeavoured to reconcile her to my departure, a task which was by no means easy.—She had long been attempting to persuade me to marry. As my brother had no children, and might never have any, she feared the total extinction of her family, as well as that of her brother the Marquis de Paredas ; and she assured me, what was perhaps true, that with my present fortune only (without adverting to this contingency), there was hardly a family in Portugal who would not think itself happy in my alliance. I answered, that I had visited the highest circles, and been introduced to the most amiable women, but had not yet seen one who interested me enough to make me wish to pass my life with her : that since it had been no

longer permitted me to think of Donna Xaviera, I had seen but one woman who affected me; that this was an English-woman; and that if the difference of our religion from that of the English did not place an unconquerable barrier against my inclination, it would be in that country I should seek for some woman who resembled Donna Isabella Warwick. Extremely alarmed at this declaration, my mother earnestly implored me to renew my search among my own countrywomen for one who might fix my heart; she protested to me, that fortune and even very illustrious blood would be dispensed with by my family; and that all they would wish was a young woman of noble birth (for in Portugal any other alliance is impossible), and one whom I could love. We had many conversations on this subject, at some of which Xaviera had the cruelty to be present. She affected to sigh deeply whenever it was introduced; to affect an earnest hope that I would fulfil the wishes of my family; yet

yet, whenever any young woman was named with any degree of approbation, she put on a look so tender and so melancholy, that it was impossible for me to mistake her meaning.

“ At length, after a long discussion of the subject, as my mother could not resolve to let me again go to the Brazils, and as I was determined not to stay in Portugal, we came, by the mediation of my brother, to a sort of compromise;—I gave up my project of a West India voyage, for one to Madrid, where my mother had relations in a very high rank at court, among whom she hoped I might find for her a daughter-in-law, such as she should approve, and I by change of place meant to escape from the dangerous Condeça de Villanova, without any expectation of meeting there with any woman who could make me forget her.

“ I prepared, then, for this journey, when a very unexpected event put an end to it.

“ My brother, who had learned the trade of a courtier, under his uncle the Marquis de

de Paredas, had so well succeeded, that he now more than shared his power: never really attached to his wife, he was, contrary to the generality of the Portuguese, but little addicted to jealousy, and seemed never to have been disturbed by those rumours in regard to Donna Xaviera which had so much offended and shocked my mother. Though he well knew how fondly his wife and I had loved each other, he had seen us together without any displeasure, and seemed to have a confidence in Donna Xaviera which the world thought very ill founded.

“But though the Count de Villanova was thus indifferent as to his wife, the charms of an opera dancer had a greater power over his heart, and to her he shewed a degree of attachment which gave universal scandal, and seemed in some measure to justify the once dissipated life of Donna Xaviera.—Rosa soon obtained such an ascendancy over him, that he was entirely governed by her; and this unfortunate
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prepossession, which rendered abortive every endeavour to reconcile the Condé de Villanova and his wife, so affected the Marquis de Paredas, that he died of a broken heart; a disease which, considering their reputation for hardness, one would think could not affect the hearts of statesmen, if one did not know, that mortified pride and disappointed ambition will affect what none of the more generous passions would move. Xaviera, though she had but little reason to love a father who had sacrificed her to his views of aggrandizing his family, and continuing his name, yet seemed much affected by his death, and retired to a country house now become hers, about three miles from Lisbon, where, under pretence of being indisposed, she admitted no company; and though I was soon to take leave of her, I was entirely excluded from visiting her, as my mother, who was really indisposed, was not able to accompany her.

“Rosa, whose avarice and malice probably were unsatisfied while the Condeça de Villanova

nova lived in a greater degree of splendour than the folly of her lover had bestowed on the courtesan, and who dreaded lest so young and lovely a woman should at some time or other resume that empire over the heart of her husband which hardly any other man would have refused her, was continually on the watch for means farther to estrange him from her; and for this purpose had often attempted to awaken his jealousy, a passion which frequently exists without love. In these artifices, Rosa had generally failed—the Condé de Villanova was either too confident that his wife dared not violate the duty she owed him, or was too indifferent to enquire into the truth of the charges which his mistress, with the most refined artifice, contrived to have brought against her:—but the frequent disappointments she had met with in this respect, did not discourage Rosa from returning to the charge; and at length she obtained her purpose by ridicule, a weapon which, in the skilful hands of a woman, hardly

hardly ever fails of its effect:—she contrived to tell him that his courage as well as his sense of honour was affected, in the opinion of the world, by the blindness he pretended, and that he was laughed at for his placability—particularly now, for letting Donna Xaviera so quietly remain at her country retirement, where it was well known she received a young Neapolitan, to whom she was fondly attached, under pretence of indulging her grief for her father's death.

“ This intelligence Rosa supported with evidence so convincing, and enforced the necessity of his enquiring into the truth with ridicule so powerful, that Villanova determined to follow her advice, and endeavour to detect the misconduct of his wife. Rosa had agents too able, and had taken her measures too well.—My brother arrived at the house of the late Marquis de Paredas, at an hour when he was not expected, and by a way which led directly to the apartment of Donna Xaviera—he found there the young Neapolitan, at whom he immediately
fired ;

fired ; but his pistol missing, the Italian, as vindictive as if he had been the injured person, wounded him with a dagger and fled.—Villanova, whose wound was apparently not dangerous, was conveyed back to Lisbon, where he obtained an order of arrest against the Neapolitan, who was however never heard of more, and another which shut up in a convent the unhappy Xaviera—and this latter was obeyed the more rigidly from the impossibility of their executing the former, as every means used to discover the Neapolitan was fruitless.

“ Imagine, my dear Sir, what were my sensations on being informed of this event ! I, who, in spite of despair itself, in despite of the most perfect conviction that she deserved not my tenderness, still adored Xaviera, and would have given my life with pleasure to have secured her happiness !—I know all the folly and weakness which in consequence of this confession you must impute to me—I feel it, and I acknowledge it ; but I cannot deny it, or otherwise apologise

logise for it than by ascribing the strength of this unfortunate passion to the power of a first impression, and to the persuasion that to our cruel separation all the errors and misfortunes of the lost Xaviera were to be imputed.

“ My mother, heart-struck by this cruel event, could not bear to hear the name of the wretched but ever lovely woman to whom she had once been so fondly partial : her weak health yielded to the excess of her concern ; and after the additional blow inflicted by the loss of my brother, who, after languishing some months, died in consequence of his wound, she sunk into a degree of mental imbecility, from which she has never entirely recovered. To her I have long given up much of my time, and on her I am now attending at these Baths : my presence and my affection alone retain any power over her mind, and I seldom leave her unless when she has herself enough recollection to insist upon my doing so, to prevent the total ruin of
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my own health, which *has* suffered in some degree, and which her tenderness induces her to think more injured than it is. I sometimes have made tours to my estates; for, alas! the very great property of the families of De Paredas and Villanova now centre in me; and never can the vanity and futility of great riches be made more evident than they appear in my person, who, with a fortune almost princely, am one of the most miserable beings upon earth. —The only pleasure (ah! strange and melancholy pleasure!) that I am now able to taste, is visiting the grate of the convent at Cintra, where Xaviera has ever since been strictly confined—so strictly, that it was not without great difficulty I obtained permission to see her: at first, she herself refused to admit me; but at length the hope of being by my means delivered from a confinement so little suited to her inclination, induced her to conquer her repugnance. Ah! my friend!—what were my emotions on beholding this lovely creature,

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still in the zenith of her charms, in the habit of one of the severest religious orders, and lost to a world which she was born to ornament! The contrition she seemed to feel, the tears that fell from her beautiful eyes, rendered her a more enchanting, a more dangerous object than she ever was in the splendour of dress.—It was in vain *then*, it has been equally vain since, that I represented to myself, how little her heart answered to this fair exterior; and that there had been too many, and too convincing proofs, that had she been my wife I must have been the most miserable of men. I still love her; and though I know that, if she quits her confinement, it will only be to return to the arms of her unworthy lover, whom she preferred, even when she took pains to irritate my hopeless passion for her, I am notwithstanding labouring for her release, and shall rejoice to give up to her that fortune which I do not want, and which can afford me no enjoyment. Yesterday I had a letter from her, in which
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She entreats to see me—I shall go in a few days, as my mother is now in better health than I have seen her for some time: I intend, therefore, to conduct her to our usual residence, and then to visit the convent of Xaviera; after which, if there is nothing wherein I can immediately serve her, I shall take a ramble, I know not”—and, added Don Julian, sighing—“I care not whither.”

C H A P. VII.

WHEN Don Julian ceased speaking, we both remained for some moments silent : his misfortunes deeply affected me, though I had myself no idea of a passion such as he felt, for an object, however beautiful, who had acted as he described Xaviera to have done in regard to him.—In this respect we seemed to have changed characters; and the jealousy which is, in the national character of the Portuguese, a feature so predominant, was transferred to the Englishman. Convinced that Don Julian was really attached only to the unfortunate Xaviera, the admiration with which he spoke of the charms of Isabella gave me less uneasiness : but still the partiality which I fancied I had of late observed in her towards him, dwelt upon my

mind:—it was probable that, notwithstanding his predilection for Donna Xaviera, he was not of a disposition to play the Stoic towards any other pretty woman; and there was not only in his dejection, but in his misfortunes, something that I fancied rendered him particularly interesting to the women. Yet I learnt that he was my wife's confidant: my displeasure was however soon at an end, and excited by very different motives, when I found from him that Isabella was rendered extremely uneasy by my supposed attachment to Mrs. Effingham; and that this jealousy had been fed by the Admiral, who had taken every occasion to make my wife remark this supposed partiality for my former acquaintance, while he had endeavoured to take advantage of this impression, and of the pecuniary assistance he had given us, to persecute Isabella with professions, which, while they filled her with horror and disgust, she could not escape from without telling me, nor tell me without hazarding

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consequences she trembled to think of.— This had been the subject of her late conferences with Don Julian; and it was without her consent, and to preclude the possibility of my harbouring suspicions as to the nature of those conferences, that he now determined to reveal to me this odious mystery.

Though it was only by degrees that he ventured to disclose to me the villanous conduct of Sir Randolph Aldborough, my indignation and rage could not be immediately restrained: I protested I would instantly go to the old monster, and reproach him with his perfidy—repay his detested loans—and treat him as such a wretch deserved to be treated. But Don Julian, who knew how much such rashness would hurt Isabella, represented to me, that his age and his infirmities forbade my demanding personal satisfaction.—Alas, while he spoke, I felt but too cruelly that my destitute circumstances equally forbade my repaying the obligations which I now

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could

could not bear to owe! and I became sensible that the most acute uneasiness I had yet experienced was light, when compared to the weight of being indebted to a being whom I despised, and who had bestowed favours only as the price of my dishonour. A very short time of reflection brought to my remembrance a thousand little circumstances which convinced me that all Don Julian had told me was true; and that he had by no means exaggerated the pains Sir Randolph had taken to estrange from me the affections of my wife by representing me attached to another, and to fix them on himself by the interest he affected to take in the welfare of her children, for whose destiny he saw her continually anxious.

When the agitation of her mind a little subsided, Don Julian used his utmost eloquence to persuade me to act with coolness and deliberation: he represented to me, that, since I could not call to a hostile meeting a man so old and so crippled, it would

would be unworthy of me to assail him with words of reproach;—that contempt would be more stinging, together with a perfect conviction that he was detected.—“Return to him, my friend,” said he, “return to him the paltry assistance which he has betrayed you into accepting from him, and leave him to all the reproach and shame which follow baffled villany.—I do not, however, advise you to leave your wife another day, another hour, exposed to his hateful solicitations; and as, at this distance, and after so long an absence from your country, you may not have it so immediately in your power to repay the money with which, under pretence of his obtaining it from your uncle, you have been supplied, I entreat you, my dear Sir, to accept of my services. I have already told you that I have a great deal more money than gives me any enjoyment: alas! my pleasures are so few! will you not, when you have it in your power, afford me

the greatest I can now taste, in allowing me to be useful to friends I so dearly love?"

The generous Portuguese waited my answer;—but I knew not how to give it. —Those suspicions in regard to my wife, which I had sometimes suffered to enter my mind; and sometimes rejected with shame and repentance, ever since our first acquaintance, were for ever at an end: I was convinced that the offers Don Julian made were dictated by the most disinterested friendship; and I could not hesitate, since I must be obliged to some person, between him and Sir Randolph Aldborough.

But to be thus eternally under pecuniary obligations, without a prospect of returning them; to be liable again to such insults as in the person of my wife I had suffered from Sir Randolph Aldborough, appeared so utterly insupportable, that I determined to go back as soon as possible to England; and if my uncle still continued to throw me from him, to enter, notwithstanding

standing my noble blood, into any honest profession, or even trade, by which I might obtain an independence.—The emotion I felt while these thoughts agitated my mind, was visible in my countenance, though I continued silent. Don Julian saw how much I was affected, and again applied himself to sooth and console me—"You think yourself unhappy, my good friend," said he: "alas! is not all comparative?—Think of *my* situation, and then of your own—of me, who am an exile for ever from felicity—who love, even to madness, a woman whom no tenderness can win, no affection attach! but who is the slave of passion and caprice; so that, even if her charming person could be mine, I could never depend upon her heart: whereas you, my friend!—ah! what evils can be felt by a man happy as you are in the affections of such a woman as Donna Isabella?—Accursed," added he with warmth, "may he be, who shall basely attempt to rob you of a treasure so in-

luable!—No, my friend, believe me when I protest to you, that, whatever may be my other faults, that will never be one of them: I should detest myself were I capable of such cruelty and ingratitude; for, on the score of obligations, dear Sir, you assuredly forget, while you hesitate about receiving from me a little yellow dirt, for which I have no use, how much I owe to you, who, when I was a wandering stranger, treated me like your brother and your friend.” I acknowledged in my own mind the truth of what Don Julian said; but was yet far from being calm enough to be capable of determining.—I wished first to speak to Isabella—to quiet her alarms, and consult her wishes: I therefore parted from my Portuguese friend for that time, promising him not to notice what I knew to Sir Randolph Aldborough, at least till I had conversed with him again, which I told him I would do in the evening.

I then went to Isabella, and, with a contrariety

trariety of emotions that I cannot describe, began with her the explanation so necessary to our mutual peace. I remonstrated warmly with her on her concealing from me the insulting conduct of Sir Randolph Aldborough, which I would not have endured an hour—no, not a moment.—“ Alas, Warwick,” replied she, “ it was that impatience, that violence, which compelled me to silence:—I dared not hazard” “ —Hazard!” interrupted I; “ what was the hazard? or, admitting there had been any, should you have hesitated, between whatever might have happened, and exposing yourself to a continuation of insolence that my blood boils at?” “ Recollect yourself a moment,” answered my wife, “ and you will find that I have exposed myself to no such continued affronts:—it is true that Sir Randolph has always behaved with particularity towards me; but the great disparity of age made me suppose the affection he felt for me to be that of a father for a daughter. He

often spoke in that style; and often intimated, that he considered my children as his grandchildren, and would make up to them what they might lose by the resentment of General Tracy, whom he blamed for his continued anger, yet seemed at once to pity and ridicule, paying many compliments to my charms, which, he said, neither the young nor the old could resist."

"And your vanity, Isabella," said I, "tempted you to listen to all this, while it concealed from you the real meaning of the old beast?"—"No," replied she; "it was not my vanity, it was the hope that my children might benefit by the partiality Sir Randolph expressed for them."—"I had rather," answered I—"rather they should be brought up in the humblest poverty, than owe their fortune to their mother's infamy: but how does what you have just now said prove that you have avoided a repetition of conversation more directly insulting?"—"If you will recall what has passed within these last few weeks," said

Isabella,

Isabella, “you will be convinced that I have, ever since Sir Randolph has spoken too openly to be misunderstood, shunned his society, and never have been alone with him. Ah, Warwick,” continued she, while her fine eyes were filled with tears, “could you as easily justify yourself—could you as easily prove that you have no attachment to that odious West Indian as I can convince you that your honour has never been sullied by my having listened even with patience to the Admiral, I should not suffer what I now do, from the cruel apprehensions of your indifference!”—You may imagine, my friends, better than I can describe, the rest of this dialogue; it ended in my being more than ever irritated against Sir Randolph, though I entirely acquitted my wife: but so far had he succeeded in poisoning her mind with suspicions of my infidelity, that I found my eloquence insufficient to erase the impression.—On our future plans, however, we agreed better:—Isabella was eager to quit the Caldos immediately, and to return to

England; and her anxiety to do this, together with her perfect conviction of the disinterested friendship of the Count de Villanova, made her objections against receiving pecuniary obligations from him disappear. It was very true that such a sum as would make us easy was to him nothing; and I quieted the scruples which still tormented me, by flattering myself that on my return to England I should find the means of repaying him. Isabella made me promise that I would seek no personal vengeance against Sir Randolph—his infirmities and his age were his protection; and the certainty that he was detected and despised would be a severe, though not a sufficient punishment.—These matters being discussed, I repaired to my appointment with Villanova, who heard, with greater satisfaction than I had ever seen him express before, my acquiescence in his friendly proposals.—“Would to Heaven, my dear Warwick,” cried he, “that you could be induced to indulge me still farther! and surely you would, if you could
conceive

conceive how much such an instance of your generous kindness will, for a while at least, lighten to me the burthen of an existence which I own to you is sometimes insupportable.”—“What can I do for you, my friend?” enquired I. “I am going,” answered he, “as you know, to visit the unhappy prisoner Xaviera, in the convent to which she has lately, at my intercession, been removed, where she is treated less severely than in the first: it is possible that this change may be a step towards my obtaining her liberty, or at least permission for her to reside at one of her own houses; but, though I have taken every means to ascertain this, I have yet no positive assurance of it; and much will depend on her conduct during this second trial of that patience and resignation which have shortened the term of the first. She has entreated to see me—to thank me, she says, for this instance of my undeserved friendship for her; and though I own to you that I never behold her, never hear her voice, but to suffer all the
renewed

renewed agonies of hopeless love—yet I must obey her: her present place of confinement is near forty miles from Lisbon, on the road into Spain. After I have visited her, and done every thing that can be done for her enlargement, which I have reason to think I shall soon procure, it will be better for both of us that I should absent myself; and, as my mother's health will now admit of my leaving her, I have an inclination to undertake a tour I have long meditated, and to cross over Spain to the neighbourhood of Barcelona, in order to visit the celebrated mountain of Montserrat. I have often heard you and Mrs. Warwick express an inclination to visit Spain, and particularly this celebrated and extraordinary mountain.—If you would but go with me, and return to England either from Barcelona or through France—ah, my friend, how great would be my obligations to you!”—To this and other warm entreaties of Villanova, I objected the trouble and inconvenience of travelling with women
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and children in a country like Spain, where even for men it was allowedly difficult and disagreeable : but my friend represented, that in the manner he should travel, taking with him every requisite for such a journey, it would not be liable to any other inconvenience than tediousness, to which he believed we should neither of us object, in passing through a country we had never seen. In a word, he was so urgent, and my consent seemed likely to give him so much pleasure, that he obviated every objection as fast as I raised it ; and at length, after consulting Isabella, who, though she referred herself entirely to me, was not, I perceived, displeased with the scheme—we settled a place of rendezvous not far from the place of confinement of Donna Xaviera, where we were to join Villanova in the course of a fortnight. He then set out for Lisbon, leaving at the post-house a letter for me, which enclosed bills to a greater amount than I could possibly have occasion for. I used them, though not without reluctance,

luctance, yet with less than I should have felt, if I had not known that the friendly assistance thus lent me by Villanova could not inconvenience him, while to me it afforded the satisfaction of repaying the money I owed Sir Randolph, who, I was now sure, had never received from my uncle any part of what he had given us, but had used his name at once to convince us of his interest with him, and to prevent his losing sight of Isabella. My first care was to prepare every thing for our departure; and during this time Isabella, under pretence of illness, withdrew herself from the society of the English, while I, on my part, having announced our approaching departure, declared myself engaged in business, and said, that, as I must be at Lisbon on a fixed day, I should have no longer the pleasure of being of their parties. Sir Randolph sent to our door, and called at it in vain: Mrs. Warwick was always indisposed—the children were gone out, and I was engaged. This at length was

was so frequently repeated, that Sir Randolph could not doubt of the reason.— Guilt is generally timid; but this veteran had conquered the sense of that internal reproach which torments those less habituated to sacrifice every consideration to self-indulgence, and he determined to know whether Isabella had really betrayed him; supposing that, circumstanced as I was, I dared not resent, though I would not connive at the infamous project he had formed. He ventured therefore to write to Isabella, desiring to know how she did, and when he could see her. My wife returned the letter unopened; and with it I enclosed the amount, in bills on a merchant at Lisbon, of all the money he had at any time furnished us with; together with a short letter, wherein perhaps I rather indulged my just resentment, than listened to the voice of prudence, which would have represented how much it was in this man's power to injure me with my uncle.—I was in no humour to consider this circumstance

circumstance coolly, and left the old Admiral to reflect at leisure on his gallantry disappointed, and his intrigue detected.—I heard nothing more of him, and the next day set out for Cintra, where I intended to pass the time till we were to meet Don Julian at the quinta*, lent him by one of his friends, near the convent of the unhappy Xaviera, at which it was intended that we should stay a week or ten days.—I would describe Cintra to you, if it were not much better described already†; and if I were disposed to lengthen my narrative, I would tell you what kind of country we passed through in our way to meet Villanova. But there are so many descriptions of every part of Europe, that I will not inform you where we fared well or ill. In general, the inconveniencies of the Portuguese Auberges were obviated by the precautions our friend had directed us

* Quinta is the name given by the Portuguese to a country residence or villa.

† In verses which I cannot now recollect.

to take—by our having sumpter mules to carry our bedding and provisions, and by the attention of a careful servant of his own, whom Villanova had sent to attend us. All Portugal, however, is not so dreary and desolate as some accounts of it represent. I have passed through villages where the houses, low indeed, and without glass in the windows, were shaded by beautiful bay-trees, as large as trees which are called timber in England, contrasting their deep and glossy verdure with the white cottages they sheltered; while along the middle of the street (as we call a double row of houses in England) are constructed a sort of rude treillage, on each side of which vines arise in such luxuriance as to form a kind of arbour, and from the sides and top rich clusters of purple grapes offer themselves to the passenger. The figures that adorn these singular landscapes do not disgrace them. The men are ugly enough; but the women, while young, are many of them extremely beautiful, and, with the
light

light forms of nymphs, have the most lovely eyes and the finest teeth that can be imagined: you see them at work, seated on mats or on the floor in their cottages, singing airs, which, though simple, are extremely passionate and expressive—or carrying baskets of fruit, or in other domestic or rural employment, in which the girls and young women appear with peculiar grace and simplicity. There was one line of country that we passed which was beautiful and singular: it consisted of hills very steep, almost every other one of which was covered with ever-green oaks, cypress, bay or olives, while the next perhaps was without wood, and its neighbour on one side more richly clothed, while on the other, the want of wood was compensated by its being crowned with a ruined tower, or the broken walls of a decayed convent; for, notwithstanding the strictness with which the Portuguese adhere to the Roman Catholic religion, there are in this country convents decayed and decaying. I saw
one

one where the nuns, though greatly reduced in number, declared that they had not enough to support their existence.

I do not, however, mean to describe the general appearance of Portugal as beautiful: we often travelled over plains where even the ugly fence which aloes* form was wanting; and for a great tract of country nothing was to be seen but the heath of the south of Europe—some species of broom, which is more elegant than any I have observed in our gardens—and low aromatic plants, such as thyme, rosemary, lavender, and southern-wood. I have reason to believe, however, that this country would afford to a botanist gratification which I of course could not find in it, and with which I should only fatigue you, and perhaps betray my own ignorance. I will therefore leave you to form, from descriptions already given, an idea of the coun-

* The fences in Portugal, or, as we should call them, hedges, are made of the aloes we cultivate in our green-houses.

try through which we journeyed in our way to meet Villanova, whom we at length found at the place where he had appointed to meet us, called Carvalho: it lies forty miles from Lisbon, on the way to Badajoz, on the banks of the Tagus.—Villanova had been there two days: he had already seen Xaviera; he had seen her more penitent, more lovely than ever, and more grateful for his endeavours to procure her release; endeavours in which, since I saw him, he had been so successful, that he told us with great exultation, he had very great hopes, before he left Carvalho, of receiving from Lisbon the permission for her being restored to liberty, under very slight restrictions.

CHAP. VIII.

VILLANOVA would not let me rest till I had accompanied him to the grate of Xaviera's convent. The beautiful penitent appeared, and raising a veil, which was so contrived as to heighten the charms it affected to conceal, she discovered a face that every grace except a fine complexion united to render fascinating. Her fine eyes, which could assume every expression at pleasure, were cast down, and tears stole from them, as she again thanked her "dear cousin, her kind friend," for the pains she had taken for her. She then turned these charming eyes on me—"You, Sir," said she, "know what a friend the Count de Villanova is—judge whether I can be ungrateful!"—Our conversation was not long, as Don Julian avoided giving occasion

caſion to ſcandal, which might counteract all his projects. When we retired, he eagerly aſked my opinion of Donna Xaviera : I confeſſed that I thought her infinitely attractive, and Villanova exclaimed—“ Ah, my friend ! I knew you would think ſo—I knew that one look from thoſe enchanting eyes, one ſentence from that harmonious tongue, would be my apology for all the weakneſs I have ſhewn—even for all I may ſhew—for now, ſince you have ſeen her, I will tell you that I am ſoliciting, though with the utmoſt ſecrecy, a diſpenſation from Rome to marry her when I have procured her releaſe ; and I am almoſt ſure of obtaining it. You know that in Portugal the nearneſs of blood is an objection which ſuch a diſpenſation removes, and her being my brother’s widow is an impediment which equally yields to the Pope’s permiſſion.” I ſaw that Villanova was too much bigoted to his religion, and to his miſtreſs, to endure railleſry or remonſtrance, or I ſhould not have failed
to

to have represented to him the absurdity of his asking leave of an old man in Italy to marry a woman in Portugal; or of the danger he ran of repenting his confidence in the beautiful Xaviera, who, lovely as she undoubtedly was, had, with all her penitent looks, and Magdalen-like graces, a something in her air and countenance which seemed to say she was acting a part. I trembled for the repose of my friend; and though I might very probably, had I been situated as he was, have acted as he intended to act, I could not help wishing that, as a considerable time must yet elapse before his marriage, something or other might happen to prevent it. I had so lately suffered the tortures of jealousy, that I could not help trembling for their effect on a mind like that of Villanova, whose passion for Xaviera was now at an excess that resembled phrensy—I saw that he sometimes repented having told me of her frailties, and wished to explain away all he had said—he dwelt continually on the

circumstances which had occasioned all their misfortunes; and brought many instances to prove, that whatever indiscretion there had been in Xaviera's conduct (for he was now persuaded that they might be only indiscretions) arose solely from the disappointments she had experienced in her first affections. I affected to forget, since I saw that Villanova desired I should, the strongest circumstances he had related to me, and even tried to hope that his tender and persevering affection would win back, and fix for ever the heart of his fair mistress: but still, whenever I saw her, which was almost every day while we continued at the Quinta, this hope escaped me. I perceived that, notwithstanding her present situation, and the indefatigable attention of her deserving lover, her natural propensity to coquetry was such, that she could not help trying on me the effect of her charms; yet in such a way that Villanova never at all suspected that he was not the sole object for whom she endeavoured to render herself

herself so amiable:—he confessed to me that she was, in his eyes, infinitely more so than ever.

Isabella, as well from her wish to oblige Villanova, as to gratify her own curiosity, was easily prevailed upon to visit the convent. This visit was repeated two or three times during our stay, and Donna Xaviera put on her most insinuating manners, and pretended an affection for my wife, which I believe was very far from being real. Isabella, on her part, acted with English sincerity; and, though she treated Xaviera with great politeness, she confessed to me, that though the beautiful Portuguese was undoubtedly a very lovely and engaging woman, there was something about her she did not like. I easily believed her, for I never yet met with an instance where two beauties, or two female wits, could cordially love each other.—Be not angry, Lady Rayland—and you, my sisters, forgive me—I except the fair groupe to which I write, from a reflection which you

will call uncandid,—and perhaps unfounded.

On the seventh or eighth day of our stay in the neighbourhood of Donna Xaviera, Villanova received letters he expected from Lisbon—they brought him intelligence that every thing was going on well, as to the point he had so much at heart; but the friend in whom he principally confided, advised him to avoid the inconveniences that might arise from his exposing Xaviera at this critical period to the remarks of the malignant, and to quit the neighbourhood as soon as he could; representing, that if his mother should know of his present residence, or his future intention, which, though improbable, was by no means impossible, her aversion to Xaviera, which was equal to the affection she had once felt for her, would induce her to oppose with all her power the marriage of her younger son with a woman whom she considered as the murderers of the elder; “and though,” added Villanova’s correspondent,

spondent, "her feeble mind, already sunk under accumulated sorrows, may be supposed incapable of any effort of this sort, yet I assure you, that at times your mother is far from being incapable of it; and you may be assured, that if it is made, her misfortunes, her pitiable situation, her age, and her maternal character will give her interest enough to overturn all your schemes, and to obtain an irrevocable order to shut up Donna Xaviera for life:—at present she knows not, she does not even suspect where you are; and I entreat you to hasten from thence, before any perverse accident or malignant meddler shall discover it."—Villanova felt the propriety of this remonstrance; and though the parting from Xaviera was to him more dreadful than the thoughts of death, he determined to make this sacrifice to avoid the hazard of a greater; and after a stay of ten days he took his last leave, returning however five or six times to say adieu again and again, before I could force him entirely from the convent grate.

The next morning, at day-break, we proceeded to Badajoz, where we were to stay a few days to repose ourselves, our servants and mules.

On the second however after our arrival, an express arrived, which had followed Villanova from our last residence—it brought him intelligence of the sudden death of his mother; and demanded his presence at Lisbon.—The unexpected loss of a tender parent, whose last years had been marked with so much sorrow, greatly affected him:—he prepared to obey the summons, however, as he knew his presence was necessary to the arrangement of many affairs of consequence; but he entreated us to wait for his return at Badajoz, assuring us his absence could be only of a few days; and that, as his mother's death would rather retard than hasten his intended marriage, since he must carefully avoid the appearance of disrespect to her memory, he should still make the journey which we had begun together. I had no reason to refuse my compliance, as this little delay was
not

not material or inconvenient to me. — We agreed, therefore, to remain where we were. Villanova set out for Lisbon, not daring, as I could plainly perceive, to enquire whether his mother's life had not been shortened by her having discovered his unhappy perseverance in his fatal passion for Xaviera.

We passed as well as we could the time of his absence, which did not exceed a fortnight ; at the end of which period he returned to us, more in love, if possible, than ever. He had of course seen Xaviera on his way ; the tears she shed for the death of her aunt, the regret she expressed at having ever given her cause of complaint, had doubly endeared her to the heart of Villanova ; and he used all his eloquence in praise of her virtue, which he protested was, more than her beauty, the source of his adoration. It was settled, he told me, by his friends, that he ought to continue his journey ; there was no doubt now but that Xaviera would immediately be allowed

to quit her melancholy abode at the convent, and to retire, for a few months only, to that of her houses which was the most remote from Lisbon; and it was determined that this arrangement would take place with more propriety during his absence. After this last probation, and when the dispensations were obtained, which could not arrive yet, no possible impediment could, he believed, arise to his union with Xaviera. In these hopes, happier than I had ever seen him, Villanova left Badajoz with us, and we arrived, after a tedious but not unpleasant journey, at Madrid, where our stay was to be three weeks, or a month, during which time we visited all that was worth seeing in the neighbourhood of a capital, which to me is so unpleasant, that I do not know whether, poor as I was, I would have resided there, could I have even filled the post of the British Ambassador.—There is, however, in regard to pictures and palaces, enough to occupy for some time the curiosity of a stranger; nor

nor were we destitute of the advantages of the best society which Don Julian's friends, who were people of rank, introduced us to.—He was induced, by the polite reception he found among his mother's relations, to prolong his stay a week longer than he intended, and another week he waited for letters from Lisbon, which were to bring him the news he had so long anxiously expected of the release of Donna Xaviera from her convent.—Those letters at last arrived:—they brought him, from his confidential friend, information that Donna Xaviera was released from her confinement, and was now under no other restriction than that of remaining six months at some one of her father's houses that was not within forty miles of Lisbon. The friend of Villanova repeated however a strong recommendation to him to continue his journey, and not to return till the restraint upon Xaviera should be nearly at an end, that no scandal might arise to injure their future arrangements. There were

still a few difficulties in regard to the dispensation ; but the Portuguese priest who was soliciting it at Rome, had no doubt of his final success. Don Julian knew, indeed, that in these cases money is omnipotent, and he took care that his agent should be well supplied. Little doubt therefore remained as to the final completion of his happiness ; and never was the prospect of felicity enjoyed with more delight than by my friend, who, after a stay of more than six weeks, left Madrid with us. We travelled slowly through the country, rather to avoid the heats, and the fatigue to Isabella and the children, than because there was any thing particularly worth our attention in the towns we passed through. Whenever we came to a collection of houses that might be called a town, the first care of our servants was to procure the best provisions that were to be purchased ; and these were dressed and carried with us to the miserable villages where we were sometimes obliged to sleep, and which
afforded

afforded nothing but salt fish, garlick, and eggs; and not always the last. Nothing is to an Englishman more wonderful than to observe on how little the Spaniards appear to live, and that that little is of a nature which is so ill calculated (at least according to our ideas) for the burning climate of Spain; but superstition has told them, that to eat salt fish is pleasing to Heaven; and they buy it of us heretics, who prepare it with the salt which their own coasts supply*. This is one only, among the infinite number of contradictions and absurdities originating in superstition and ignorance, and continued by custom and indolence. A traveller cannot fail to remark them on his way, in every part of the world; but I believe the man who sits at home and reflects, may meet with a proportionable number even in England, though it has been called, and not unjustly, the land of good sense.

* Much of the salt used in curing the fish at Newfoundland is taken in at Setubal and Alicante.

Nouveau Voyage en Espagne, 1789.

The Spaniards are certainly the most abstemious people in the world, and seem to refuse the bounties which Providence designed for them, disdaining even to use the little pains that would procure them not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life. When the "plentiful lack" of every thing that enters into the list of necessaries is considered, which appears on entering a *Posado*—it is impossible to help wondering how even the adust and meagre figures around it are supported at all. As to the Spanish cookery, it is to me detestable; nor could even the skill of my friend's cook, who was in his suite, and who exercised his art as often as our station allowed it, reconcile me to the oil, the saffron, and garlick, with which every dish dressed in the Spanish fashion was polluted. We had, however, always something prepared in our own way, and were far from finding, in this long journey quite across Spain and Portugal, the inconveniencies which most travellers have complained of;—not that
their

their accounts of miserable repasts, and rooms where vermin refuse to allow rest to the weary pilgrim, are at all exaggerated : but the former distresses we felt not, from the precautions taken by Villanova's servants ; and for the latter, we were, by his care also, provided with the Lanzasire * for our mattresses ; and these were placed on light iron frames, which shut up in a small compass, and the feet are placed in iron cups filled with water. Thus fortified against " all that creep, and all that fly," we were very little molested by the insects that render travelling in the southern parts of Europe so generally complained of by the inhabitants of the north.

— We often dined upon the grass, under the shade of a tuft of cork trees, chesnuts, or evergreen oaks ; and fancied we should see Don Quixote and Sancho come out from among them.—We longed to invite

* What is called in our West India Islands a musquito net.

the courteous Knight to partake of our banquet, and to see his 'Squire sharing the sumptuous repast of our domestics; so exactly did the scenes we were in remind us of the descriptions in that excellent work.

At length, without any accident worth relating, we arrived at Barcelona, and prepared, after resting there some days, to visit the celebrated mountain which had induced us to take so long a journey; and of which our countryman, Mr. Thicknesse, has given an account, which had left, ever since I read it, an impression on my mind, that had continually made me wish to see a place, of which the best description can give but a very inadequate idea.

I could not better describe our approach to this miraculous mountain than it has already been described, were I to exhaust all my descriptive powers in the attempt;—let it then suffice to tell you, we reached by a slow journey the village of Montrosol, where we intended to take up our temporary abode, and where the suite and the religion

religion of Villanova alike contributed to our procuring very tolerable accommodations, though the place was full of pilgrims. Isabella was this evening so little fatigued with her journey, and so enchanted with the near view of the scenes she had heard so much of, that, as soon as she had seen the children safely disposed of on their mattrasses, under the care of the faithful servant who had followed us from America, she agreed to accompany me and Villanova in a moonlight walk (for there is here but little twilight) on the banks of the Lobregate.

Every object that the sun, sunk beneath the adjoining mountains (for there are very high ones at some distance from this astonishing pile of granite)—every object that the sun gilt with his departing beams was in unison with our sentiments, and all respired pleasure and peace. The faint rays of an early moon were trembling on the waters of the Lobregate.—The willows on its most level shore, the broom and birch

birch that shadowed its higher and more hollow banks, were gently agitated by the light wind that in all warm latitudes seems to sigh for the departure of the sun. Isabella leaned on my arm, Villanova walked slowly on the other side, and by degrees we all became silent.—The majestic mountain was before us—the rosy rays of the setting sun yet illuminated its highest pinnacles, while its immense base, shagged with venerable woods, caught only the partial lights of the fainter moon, and was half lost in shade.—Softly broke the waves on the shore; a little boat passed us, in which two female voices, while the oars marked the slow cadence, sung the evening hymn to the Virgin. Villanova, as if involuntarily, took a third, in a low tone, and sang—“ Oh Pietissima,” &c. &c. till gradually, gradually the sounds died away among the rocks, as the boat went down the river, and only the low murmur of the water remained, which seemed to hush us again to silence—a silence that, as we proceeded,

ceeded, was broken, though remotely, by the organ in the monastery above, and the sonorous voices of the monks singing vespers in the great church of the convent.—“This is delightful,” cried Isabella, “it is surely an antepast of Heaven!”—“Of Heaven, indeed,” answered Villanova—“if those we love shared it, it were surely Heaven itself.”—“Hush!” cried I, “do you not hear from the tuft of shrubs we are approaching, a nearer and a sweeter voice?—The organ no longer swelled its pealing note—the evening service was finished; but, from a thicket which, mingled with masses of rock, seemed to crowd over the river, arose a voice so soft, so sweet, that we were immediately fixed to the spot—the air and the words were *Metastasio’s* :

“*Odi l’aura, che dolci sospira ;*”

but after three lines it became a duet;—a bass voice, as exquisite as the female voice which preceded it, went on with

“*Senti l’onda, che rauca s’aggira ;*”

and

and then the voices together concluded with the lines

“Quell affetto,” &c. &c.

When we heard the first enchanting notes, Villanova seemed fascinated, and no longer capable of moving from the spot—involuntarily he seized and grasped my hand, listening in breathless agitation, till the air finished; he then fetched a deep sigh, and exclaimed “Oh Dios!”—There was something more in all this than could be occasioned by his admiration of the music, but I could not guess what;—a moment however explained it:—“Santa Maria!” exclaimed he—“did I not know, my friend, that the thing is impossible, I should have declared that voice to be the voice of Xaviera.” “Impossible, indeed,” answered I: “luckily for you, my dear Villanova, it is impossible.” “Ah!” replied he with a long-drawn and broken sigh, “thus she was wont in our happier days to charm me.”—“But she sang not in Italian, my friend,” interrupted I?—
“In

“In Italian?” answered he, in a voice that seemed by its dejected tone to reproach me with having awakened painful recollections by the remark, “in Italian?—no, not then—she had not—” and again he sighed—“learned Italian then.” I believe that he murmured internally, “Would to Heaven she had never learned it!” but he checked himself, and added—“she has been taught Italian music, and when we have met of late years I have heard her sing in that language; and if I did not know she were now so many many miles distant; if I did not know that the kingdom of Spain and a great part of Portugal were between us, I should really have believed it was herself.”

“It is, I apprehend, more usual,” said I, seeing how much the idea had affected him, “for two persons to sing alike, than for two persons to speak like each other, since singing is sometimes learned mechanically.—But let us walk forward to the group of trees that conceal these musicians,

ficians, who are probably both Italians, and among those pilgrims who you have told me come from the coast of the Mediterranean Sea to pay their vows, and receive absolution at Neustra Senora del Monferrat." As we advanced we disturbed this repentant pair, if such they were;—they passed before us, concealed by the trees, and took another path; and as we returned, we saw at a distance two figures which we believed to be the persons who had entertained us. But they were too distant for us to be able to distinguish their persons, and I had no curiosity myself to see them nearer; while whatever Don Julian felt he was ashamed of shewing; and, though he continued pensive the rest of the evening, and now and then sighed, as the tones he had heard from the Italian songstress stole over his recollection, yet the next morning he seemed to have shaken off the impression, and in spirits more than usually gay we ascended to the convent; after visiting which we proposed exploring

exploring as much of the wonders of the mountain as our time would allow us, meaning to return thither every day, till we had visited all the hermitages above, and enjoyed every prospect they afforded.

C H A P. IX.

THE devotion as well as the curiosity of our friend was highly gratified by a sight of this noble monument of piety, in which we passed three hours; and though, from the religion I professed, my enthusiasm was less warm, I contemplated with reverence its effect on the holy men by whom we were surrounded; who seemed already to be divested of all sublunary attachments, and to be elevated above either the pleasures or pains of this world. I could not help considering them as the inhabitants of another; yet there were among them some faces, in which a skilful physiognomist might perhaps have discovered more of regret than of resignation. Isabella and I waited at the foot of a rock, near the church, while Villanova confessed

to one of the monks, and went through other ceremonies of his religion at which we were not admitted to be present;—he then came to us, and we proceeded to the hermitages above. I carried Thicknesse's book in my hand, and found that he had not much magnified the difficulties of the ascent, or the wondrous prospects which every point where we rested afforded us. One of the hermitages we found empty; the pious inhabitant was attending on a sick brother. We did not however venture to sit down in it, but took possession of a bench not far from his door, cut in the rock, the rude masses of which, on each side of us, were mantled with aromatic shrubs. The myrtle arose spontaneously in the clefts, and the balm of Gilead mingled its vivid green with the paler lavender and the mournful rosemary.—The Spanish broom, the jessamine, and the tree germander formed bowers above us; and the vine crept among the inferior parasitical plants, and its broad and graceful foliage

foliage was spangled by the light flowers of various sorts of clematis.—The Portuguese have not in general much idea of enjoying the beauties of nature—but Villanova seemed to feel in these scenes delight equal to ours: yet the image of Xaviera was even here before him; and when I expatiated, with all the enthusiasm I felt, on the Paradise around us, he owned, that to him it would be a desert, all lovely as it was, if he were compelled to live like one of these solitary, insulated beings; but with Xaviera!—these rocks, adorned by the hands of nature with wild flowers; these precipices, whence the unaccustomed eye recoils with terror; even the pointed summits, so much exposed as to afford nourishment only to the holly and the juniper, and in some places hardly to the moss and lichen; all would to him be a terrestrial heaven with her!

Such discourse entertained us at our various resting-places, till we had nearly reached the last hermitage where I thought
it

it safe for my wife to go, who already appeared much fatigued. Here, then, in a spot surrounded by hardier shrubs, which almost clothed the pyramidical rocks, and on turf of the loveliest verdure, we once more sat down. It was almost a circular enclosure, within the cliffs, of about an hundred and twenty paces, with only two openings: one gave us a view of the Mediterranean Sea; and the other was a chasm in a pine-head (as these pointed acclivities are called by Thicknesse), up which wound steps, or rather a stone ladder, which led to an higher hermitage; so steep, and indeed so dangerous did the ascent appear, that it was the sight of it determined me to prevail on Isabella not to venture farther:—she would have had me and my friend go up without her; but as we proposed staying several days in the neighbourhood of the mountain, we were likely to have time enough to gratify our curiosity, and therefore refused to leave her; but prepared to take, in this beautiful and se-

cluded spot, the refreshment which a servant had brought with us. We dined, then, gaily on the grass, and were contemplating, with increased rapture, the glories of the setting sun in the immense horizon offered to our view from the receding rocks; when our attention was turned to the ladder of stones behind us, where we saw a female pilgrim, assisted with the utmost care and tenderness by a young man, whose appearance was such as would have excited our curiosity, if it had not been entirely attracted by his companion, in whom, on her arrival within our rocky circle, Villanova, who seemed to be converted into stone, recognised the fair and fatal enemy to his repose, the faithless and ungrateful Xaviera!—She regarded us not, but seemed entirely occupied by the young man who attended her; to whom, in the very voice which had so fascinated us the preceding evening, she spoke in Italian.—It was her Neapolitan lover!—and in a moment this cruel conviction flashed on the

the astonished senses of my unhappy friend. —I saw in his countenance all the horrible emotions that assailed his heart, and I saw his reason failing under the violence of the shock ;—he seemed hardly able to breathe, as, seizing my arm, and pointing to the lovers, he tried to articulate the name of *Xaviera* !—By this time she perceived us—to escape was impossible, as there was here no means of making a precipitate retreat. It is difficult to describe the scene, for my own sensations were tumultuous and confused. *Xaviera*, however, finding it impossible to avoid her injured friend and benefactor, seemed, by an effort of resolution, to try at conquering her confusion, and to assign reasons for her being at *Montserrat*, which might excuse her : she approached *Villanova*, and in a hurried voice said—“ Dear Cousin !—this is unexpected, indeed !—you did not tell me I should meet you here.”—“ Did you, Madam,” replied my unfortunate friend—“ did you inform me you were coming here ?”—His voice

was almost choked, and he leaned against me, or he would have fallen to the ground. His faithless mistress still endeavoured to excuse herself; she stammered out something of a journey of penitence and confession, but her tongue and her looks equally refused to confirm the falsehood her fear urged her to utter. "Is this the man," cried Villanova indignantly, "whom you have chosen for your confessor?—who is to aid you in your penitence?—Go, go," added he, waving his hand—"go, worthless, unhappy woman!—leave me to my fate!" He hesitated a moment, and seeing her still stand confused, as if meditating again to excuse herself, he repeated with increased agitation, "Go, go!"—He then stepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and with wild and haggard eyes hastily surveyed first Xaviera, and then the gulf beneath him. Struck at once with his design, I caught him in my arms. "What is it you would do, Villanova?" cried I, as I impelled him by superior force

force to quit the crumbling edge of the cliff. "Die!" answered he, in a voice that made me shudder—"die! and let that barbarous woman witness the end of a life she has rendered insupportable."—He then struggled violently to disengage himself from me; but I had greatly the advantage in point of bodily force, and, while I compelled him to hear me, endeavoured to reason with him. In the mean time Isabella, to whom the name of Xaviera had sufficiently explained this scene, approached her, and entreated her to retire—an entreaty which she had no occasion to repeat twice. The young Neapolitan, to whom an explanation with Villanova could not be desirable, even if he were to be considered no otherwise than as the nearest relation of Donna Xaviera, seemed to have no manner of inclination to put a business in which he had now so evidently the advantage, on the issue of a private meeting with the enraged and half frantic Portuguese; and they disap-

peared, as my wife afterwards told me, as quickly as the nature of the road they were under the necessity of descending would admit.

I had enough to do to secure Villanova from the effects of the desperation to which he had given way :—exhausted at length by the violence of his passion, and of his efforts to escape from me, he fell almost senseless on the ground. His deep groans, his hands now convulsively clasped together, now extended to push me from him, were the only signs he gave of yet feeling all the extent of his misery.—I sat down by him, and, taking one of his hands in mine, bade Isabella take the other, and speak to him soothingly : my intention was to draw tears from him, in hopes to relieve his bursting heart—but my hopes were baffled : when Isabella spoke to him he started up, and looked round him with eyes where despair and distraction were strongly expressed ; then, turning them on Isabella, he said eagerly, “ Hah ! it was you, madam, who

who spoke!—it was not that inhuman woman, that tigress in an angel's form!—Oh! no—she speaks not to me!—I shall hear her voice no more—never—never!” He dashed his hand on his forehead, and sunk for half a moment into silence; when by a sudden spring he raised himself up, and would again have darted from me, and I believe down the precipice, if I had not held him by the exertion of my whole strength, till his servant, who had been sent for water to the fountain of the hermitage below, returned, and assisted me in confining him. **Joachim**, the servant, who had lived many years with **Villanova**, had met **Donna Xaviera** and her lover descending the steep pathway by which he had brought up the water, and was at no loss to understand the reason of the dreadful agonies in which he beheld his unhappy master, who, after this dreadful burst of frantic passion, sunk again into a stupor almost as alarming. It was now a debate what we should do with him, for I argued

with him apparently in vain: he either seemed incapable of hearing me, or, endeavouring to dash his head against the ground, threw himself from side to side with a force that must have bruised his whole frame, and implored me, if I had any humanity, to destroy him. I dared not, even with the aid of his servant, undertake to conduct a man in this state of mind down such declivities as were between us and the convent beneath; where I hoped I might procure assistance from the benevolence of the monks, who receive the sick with truly Christian charity;—and who, alas! could be more sick than my wretched friend?—But, though I knew the convent offered this resource, and that I hoped there to obtain from the aid of religion a balm for his wounded mind, it seemed almost impossible to get him thither.—I knew that mine and his servant's force would be unequal to the task of securing him from the effects of his despair, if he was determined to dash himself to pieces on the rocks; and even if I
ventured

ventured to apply for farther assistance to the pious man who lived about three hundred paces above the spot where we were, or to him whose cell was under us, in an almost perpendicular descent of a still greater distance; if I ventured to alarm these holy men in their solitary sanctuaries, with a detail of the afflicting passion and determined despair of my miserable friend, I was not certain they would listen to me; or, if they would, I thought their attempts would probably consist in spiritual consolation, which I feared would be ineffectual, rather than in efforts of personal strength, which alone seemed likely to conduct poor Villanova in safety to the end of so perilous a journey as it was, even to that part of the mountain where the convent was situated. —“Speak to him, Isabella,” said I, “endeavour to rouse him from this lethargy of sorrow.” “Good God!” exclaimed Isabella, “what can I say?—Villanova—my friend!—I entreat of you to recollect yourself—have mercy upon yourself.”

“Myself!” cried he, “myself!—ah! what am *I*? the veriest wretch that drags on a miserable existence on this detested earth.”

“For the sake of your friends, then,” said Isabella, “friends who love you, and who cannot but be distressed to see you thus give yourself up to despair—be calmer—perhaps Donna Xaviera”——“Don’t name her,”

cried Villanova, “pray don’t name her—I cannot bear her name: here, here,” added

he, putting his hand to his heart——“her name, once so adored, is fixed as it were with envenomed fangs which tear my heart—yet I live!”——“You *will* live, I

hope,” said I, “to conquer this unhappy passion:—come, dear Julian, let us go down and”——“Down!” answered he:

“Ah! cruel Warwick! would you then have me meet *them* again?—Kill me rather than expose me to such horror: Oh! if you have mercy, Warwick, save me from the sight of her.” “She is probably gone

long since,” replied I; “but, if it would make you easier, and I could depend on

your

your being calm and reasonable in the mean time, either I would go down, or Joachin should go, to assure you that the meeting you are so apprehensive of cannot happen." "I cannot stay with the Count de Villanova," said Isabella trembling, "indeed I cannot, if you are not both with me." "See," cried I, taking advantage of my wife's fears, "see how you terrify your friends!—I beseech you, my dear Sir, to have more fortitude—this is unmanly weakness, it is, indeed!"—"I am conscious, dear Warwick," said he, grasping my hand—"I am conscious that I owe it you, I owe it to your admirable Isabella to command myself—forgive me, and do with me what you think best, but save me, I implore you, from the sight of"—"Well, well," rejoined I, fearing he might relapse if I again suffered him to name Xaviera—"you shall see none whom you would not wish to see—let me assist you down, or rather do you assist me to conduct Isabella:—when you consider

the rugged journey we have to take, and that your aid is necessary to help me to conduct my wife safely, surely you will not refuse to attempt regaining your reason and recollection." "Recollection!" said he sighing, "ah! *no* recollection; would to God I had lost it for ever!"—He arose, however, but could hardly support himself—his eyes were wild and haggard, and again I saw him cast a look towards the precipice; but I renewed my arguments, he once more appeared tolerably calm, and we began to descend.—Isabella, whose terror was visibly imprinted in her countenance, having yet the courage to appear as depending principally on him for assistance, while I kept as close to them as I could on one side, and directed the servant to do so on the other—at length we arrived at the convent.

While I left Isabella, Villanova and his servant, in an apartment where pilgrims are admitted to wait before they enter the church, I went myself to the monk whose

particular department it is to attend strangers : I represented to him, that my friend the noble Portuguese, with whom he had seen me ascend in the morning, was seized with a degree of phrensy which made me tremble for what might happen. I entreated him to let me have a room for him for that evening, in hopes that by the morning his mind might be calmer ; and I added, that I would go down, and send to his assistance his own servants, if in the mean time the fathers would have the charity to direct that two of the lay brothers might attend him with the servant he already had, and that some pious father might give him such spiritual consolation as he seemed to require in a state of mind so disturbed and wretched. All this was immediately complied with ; and after reconciling Villanova to my plan, I left him in hands that I was sure would secure him from all attempts that he might yet make on his own life, should his phrensy return. Isabella and I then descended to our auberge ; and though we had mules to take us this part of our pilgrimage,

pilgrimage, she was so extremely fatigued, and had suffered so much from the terror into which she had been thrown, that I now had to dread the effects on her health, as well as to reflect with horror on the condition of my very unhappy friend.

Haunted all night by the fearful image of Villanova dashed to pieces on the pointed rocks of Montserrat, Isabella could not sleep; till, towards morning, excessive fatigue gave her up to repose, in which I left her, having promised her, that my first care in the morning should be to assure myself that Xaviera was not likely again to be seen by her distracted lover; and my second, to endeavour to console and tranquillise him, and determine him to return to Lisbon. In regard to the first I was soon satisfied; for, on describing to the persons at the inn the two young pilgrims, I was assured, that on the preceding evening, immediately after their descending the mountain, they had paid their account and departed. I enquired
which

which way, that we might take that which was opposite, and I learned that they had hired mules to go to Barcelona. Having thus far ascertained that there was no danger of a second interview between Villanova and Xaviera, I hastened to my poor friend, whom I found not only secure from the violence of his despair, but much more tranquil than I had dared to hope. The good monk who had undertaken to administer to him the advice and consolation of religion, had, to all appearance, succeeded beyond my expectation; he was calm—and though he did not speak much, the little he said was rational, and expressive of resignation. I endeavoured to find what were the steps now to be taken that would be the most likely to divert his mind, and engage him by change of place, and variety of scenes, to more cheerful thoughts, and to forget by degrees the ungrateful Xaviera. I found him extremely averse to the thoughts of returning to Portugal; and after some conversation

difficult

difficult enough to manage on my part, as I dreaded saying any thing that might occasion him to relapse into an agony of despair, I learned that he had not yet determined on any plan, but wished to quit as soon as possible the place where he had awakened from a dream of exquisite happiness, to the conviction that it was lost to him for ever. We had before settled that, after visiting Montserrat, we should return all together to Barcelona, from whence I proposed embarking for England with my family, and Villanova was to return by Madrid to Lisbon; but, as *his* plan was now so changed, and I could not think of leaving him while my presence only seemed to preserve him from suicide, it was agreed that we should embark for England on the other side of the kingdom; that Villanova should write to Portugal, directing such regulations as appeared necessary in the present state of his affairs, and order his agents to direct their answers and remittances to Madrid, where it was
determined

determined we should wait for them; and thence crossing the kingdom of Granada, go to Gibraltar, where I might execute my original design of passing from thence to England, whither my friend Villanova seemed much disposed to accompany us. This arrangement being made, it remained only to obtain the consent of Isabella. We found her recovered from the fatigues of the preceding day; and I observed that Villanova in her presence put a greater restraint upon himself, which I hoped would contribute as much as any thing to his cure. When we consulted Isabella on the little plan we had formed, I saw that she acquiesced in it, from the esteem and pity she felt for our ill-fated friend; but felt, as I did, repugnance to another long journey in Spain, and above all, to a residence at Madrid. When however we talked the matter over alone, she owned, that under such circumstances we could not, in common humanity, desert Villanova; and that if we did, and any sinister event was the consequence,

consequence, we should never forgive ourselves. This reflection, added to that of our having no particular motive to return to England, where no prospect but of indigence awaited us, determined us to agree to the wishes of Villanova, and the next day but one we left Montserrat, on our way to Madrid; Villanova still very melancholy and dejected, but apparently much more composed than I could have believed possible, after the violent effect of the shock he had received. I imputed this resignation to the influence of religion on his mind; and I felt, for the first time in my life, the cruelty and wickedness of those who, in trying to destroy our faith and our hopes, rob of their last and only consolation, the wretches for whom this world has lost all that makes existence tolerable.

C H A P. X.

IN our melancholy journey towards Madrid, nothing occurred worth noticing, unless it were the increasing gloom that clouded the mind of my unhappy friend.—I observed with extreme concern, that the longer he reflected on the perfidy and ingratitude of his mistress, the less able he became to endure it: for he still adored her, conscious as he was of her unworthiness, and though he was convinced, that, had he become her husband, he must have been more completely wretched.—Ashamed of avowing a passion which pride and reason alike condemned, he attempted, but in vain, to conquer it: sometimes he carefully abstained from naming Xaviera for several days together—then talked of her incessantly for a few hours, and afterwards relapsed

relapsed into mournful silence, and spoke to nobody otherwise than what was immediately requisite:—he sometimes talked of taking the habit of the order of St. Francis, and retiring from the world;—then, of going to England with us, and abandoning for ever his country, where hardly one connexion remained to soothe and console him, and where he should be continually reminded of all he had lost. I frequently fancied that he betrayed symptoms of intellects overwhelmed and injured by the greatness of his calamity, and I communicated my apprehensions to Isabella: but she was more sanguine than I was, or less willing to allow such an effect to the charms of Xaviera (whom she allowed to be a *pretty-ish* woman, but by no means so very attractive as to turn the head of any man when he came coolly to reflect on her character); and we were equally willing to flatter ourselves, that time, the great and almost unfailing remedy for the diseases of the mind, would gradually restore

Villa-

Villanova to reason and tranquillity.—
The letters however that awaited him at
Madrid, made all his wounds bleed afresh:
he learned that the dispensation for his
marriage with Xaviera was obtained; but
that very soon after she had been permitted
to leave the convent, she quitted the coun-
try-house to which she had retired; and,
taking with her her jewels, and a sum of
money with which Villanova's agent rea-
dily supplied her from funds of her own
(that during her disgrace had been seques-
tered and put into the power of Villanova,
as her nearest relation), she had declared,
that she had been enjoined, as a penance
for her past indiscretions, to visit in the
humblest style the shrine of Nuestra Sen-
hora de Montserrat;—that her cousin had
approved of her pious design, and had
agreed that it was better for her to absent
herself from Portugal till the disagreeable
events that had occurred were forgotten;
and that they should neither of them re-
turn

turn to Lisbon till they were married, which they had settled should be at Madrid.—Such a story was extremely plausible; and though the friend and agent of Villanova was rather surprised that he himself had not mentioned this scheme, yet the reserved and reasonable conduct of Xaviera, and the gratitude and affection she expressed for Villanova, conquered any doubts that arose; so that, supplying her with even more money than she had asked for (for her demands were very moderate), he accelerated her departure with only a female servant, and such other attendants as she herself chose, and who were absolutely necessary for such a journey. By what means she had carried on a correspondence with her Neapolitan lover, or where they met, Villanova was yet ignorant; but he knew enough to convince him of the meditated perfidy of his faithless Xaviera—enough to sting his soul with all the pangs that are inflicted by mortified pride

pride and disappointed affection, added to distracting jealousy and unextinguished passion.

As my wretched friend expected still letters from Lisbon which were not arrived, I agreed, however disagreeable it was to myself, to stay another fortnight at Madrid; and I hoped that the conversation of his friends, and the varied scenes of a great capital, might contribute to his cure; but I had the mortification to perceive he grew rather worse than better. The unhappy almost always fancy that change of place will relieve them, as if it were possible to fly from themselves.—Poor Villanova was now seized with this restless desire of change, and became very anxious to quit Madrid; though like a stricken deer he carried the arrow in his breast, and it was more deeply infixed by a letter which he did not expect: with those he had waited for from Lisbon, arrived one from Barcelona, which was as follows:

“ I will not attempt, Don Julian, to palliate

“ liate or apologise for my conduct—it is
“ past:—I cannot repent what I have
“ done in quitting Portugal for ever, be-
“ cause, after many trials and many ef-
“ forts to overcome my attachment, I find
“ that I can be happy only with Signor
“ Dorazzi.—You will condemn me—you
“ will accuse me of hypocrisy: but, how-
“ ever I may plead guilty to the charge,
“ allow me to remark, that self-preserva-
“ tion is the first law of nature. I could
“ not live in confinement;—I had no
“ other means of escaping from it but
“ from your friendship: it has released
“ me. I should have been infinitely more
“ culpable than I now think myself, had
“ I gone farther, and given you my hand
“ when my heart must remain irrevocably
“ another’s.—It was once all your own:
“ I know not by what strange disposition
“ it has happened, that, torn violently
“ from its first attachment, it refuses to be
“ again sensible of the same affection for
“ the same object, though more deserving
“ than

“ than ever, and capriciously seeks ano-
“ ther.—It is so—unhappily for us both;
“ and it is a discovery that I felt the neces-
“ sity of making, though I am sorry that
“ it was made so abruptly.

“ I do not ask you, Don Julian, to for-
“ give me, for I know you cannot;—nor
“ will I attempt to make any terms with
“ you as to my fortune; it will be yours
“ as soon as the step I have now taken is
“ known.—May you enjoy it many years,
“ and may it give you that happiness
“ which kingdoms would not afford to me
“ without Dorazzi! As to the sum I have
“ taken, I had no scruples about that and
“ my jewels: I well know the generosity
“ of your nature; and I even expect from
“ that generosity such a yearly stipend as
“ your nearest relation and the last sur-
“ vivor of the House of De Paredas may
“ hope as a favour from the Conde de
“ Villanova. I enclose a direction to a
“ person at Genoa who will be my re-
“ ceiver, and remit to me whatever the
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“ bounty of my cousin may yearly allow.—
“ For myself, I take of Portugal an ever-
“ lasting adieu;—I give up to you all
“ that fortune has heaped upon me; and
“ I entreat you, by the memory of that
“ affection which in our early lives made
“ our mutual happiness, not to hate me.
“ I shall not now disgrace your family,
“ my cousin; for my name will be for-
“ gotten; you alone will know that Xavi-
“ era still exists—Do not, then, think of
“ me with detestation, unless it saves you
“ from regret: if it does, I consent to
“ your hating—to your despising me!—
“ Accept, however, my very true wishes
“ for your happiness:—may you find some
“ more amiable woman, who without my
“ faults may have as much esteem for
“ your virtues as I have, and who may,
“ as sincerely as I do, desire your felicity!
“ I am now embarking for Italy: receive
“ once more my good wishes with my last
“ farewell!”

○ The unhappy Julian found in this let-
ter

ter coldness and cruelty that irritated all those sufferings which I at first hoped it might have cured. He read it twenty times a day:—when we were alone he commented on each sentence; and after he retired to his own room, his servant told me he often left his bed to read it again and again;—then traversed his room, and talked to himself, in broken and incoherent sentences, of Xaviera. The day before that on which we were to leave Madrid, he shut himself up the whole morning in his apartment. At dinner he appeared more composed than usual; and when it was over, he drew from his pocket a paper, which he desired me to read, and to prepare to witness in the evening, when, he told me, proper people would attend. It was a deed settling on Xaviera a very considerable annual income for her life, and her whole estate on any legitimate issue she might have. He put this entirely out of his power, and charged his heirs with the execution of it, as the terms on which

only they could enjoy the fortune that belonged to him. When I had finished reading it, he asked my opinion of what he had done: I spoke what I really thought of his generosity and greatness of mind;—he seemed to be gratified by my praises and those of Isabella, to whom he gave me leave to communicate what had passed: and after this deed was executed he appeared to me more calm than he had ever been since our unfortunate rencontre at Montserrat.

This tranquillity would, I hoped, be confirmed as we went on; and I now began to flatter myself once more, that a voyage to England would entirely cure this malady of the mind, and restore an amiable and valuable man to society and himself. Still however I found by his confidential servant, that Xaviera's letter, though he spoke of it no more to me, was read and commented upon as usual when he was alone, and particularly during those hours when I hoped he slept. He had also got
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a little picture of her, drawn before their first parting, and when this fatal destroyer of his repose was in the early bloom of innocent beauty. To this picture his servant heard him address himself frequently—sometimes reproaching it, as if it were really Xaviera; and sometimes dissolving into tenderness, from the recollection of his past felicity, he bathed it with his tears.

I vainly waited for some favourable opportunities of arming his religion, his pride, and his reason against the vain regret that was thus devouring his faculties.—He sometimes seemed to struggle against the indulgence of it, and to attempt to conquer it as a duty he owed to friends so interested for him as we were.—But after these efforts his resolution seemed to be only more enfeebled; and he sunk into the torpid listlessness of a being without hope, unless it be in death. Such was the disposition of the unfortunate Villanova when we left Madrid—and such, with little alteration, it continued till we entered the kingdom of

Granada; where when an object occurred worth our curiosity, we stopped to examine it. Antique buildings, the ruins of castles deserted by their owners, and fallen to decay for want of repairs, seemed to have more attraction for Villanova than any thing else; and the more gloomy these were, the longer he loved to wander among them, and to enquire into their date and history.—The ruins of castles and palaces built by the Moors (which are more frequent, and more worthy of observation in Granada than in any other parts of Spain, appeared to excite the curiosity, and for a while to amuse the imagination, of my unhappy friend. We had already visited two of these; and I was highly gratified in perceiving that he was pleased with my observations, and with the sketches I made of them. As to have any point of pursuit that but for a moment detached his mind from the sad object of his constant contemplations, was the circumstance most favourable to my hopes of his recovery, I

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encouraged this taste as much as possible, and enquired as we proceeded, what Moorish ruins were in our way, or within our reach as we journeyed on?

The peasants, or the people at the inns to whom I addressed these enquiries, could give me little information, nor could I make them comprehend why they were made. They had no idea of any persons visiting such places, but to search for treasure; and I should not have ventured, being a stranger and a heretic, to excite their suspicions by questions that to them appeared so unaccountable, but that I knew Villanova's suite, his apparent riches, and his visible orthodoxy, secured me against the danger I might otherwise have incurred. The village priests, however well they might be informed in other matters, were no better antiquarians than their parishioners: but I believe we contrived by our own industry to let little escape us that was worth seeing; and there is not much in any part

of Spain. We had passed the city of Granada, and arrived at a town called Almoceta: I was told, that near a village seven or eight miles beyond it, was one of the largest ruins in Spain of an Alhambra, or Moorish palace.—It was described as being only a mile and a half out of the road that we must of necessity pass. We determined to set out from Almoceta a little earlier in the morning than we usually began our journey, in order to have the more time; and I was pleased that this little excursion out of our direct road offered itself at this time, since for the last two days Villanova had been uncommonly gloomy—talked frequently to me of the probability there was that we must soon part—and enquired whether it was possible for me and Isabella to think of him with affection when we should see him no more; and if we could forgive him for the troublesome and even sorrowful hours he had been the occasion of our passing.—I tried to give his ideas a
more

more cheerful turn, and to carry them forward to the time of our arriving in England: but he only shook his head, and sunk into mournful silence. The day was unusually hot: as we travelled to the village, Isabella complained of the heat extremely, and fancied that her youngest child was affected with it; she desired therefore to remain at the Posada, where we stopped while Don Julian and I ascended the very high hill, or rather mountain, on which it was situated, to inspect the Alhambra. For the first time I observed, that Villanova seemed contented to leave her. At parting he pressed her hand to his lips—he kissed the two children—and left them with a look which has since forcibly recurred to my imagination, and will never be effaced. Slowly we proceeded up the rugged, and almost impassable side of the hill, mounted on mules, attended by two of Villanova's servants.—Our road however, where only the goat-herd and shepherd perhaps ever passed be-

fore, was shaded by cork-trees, oaks, and cedars of magnificent growth, among whose roots, twisting around and intermingled with masses of rock, where it seemed strange that they should find sustenance, our difficult road lay, which from the heat would have been insupportably fatiguing, had not the shade befriended us. It cost us, however, an hour to reach the summit, where the singular building we went to inspect, the most perfect of its kind that I had yet seen, would at any other time have afforded me great amusement; but I was now too much fatigued, and too much affected by the state of mind in which I saw my dejected friend.—We traversed, however, together the courts which still remained entire of this once noble edifice: we remarked the grotesque paintings, the baths and fountains now mute, and the contrivances no longer discoverable by which on such a summit they had been supplied. These courts, once the residence of Moorish splendour,

were overgrown with weeds ; and even trees of a great age waved their unshorn heads over these silent relics of barbarous magnificence. This mixture of wood with buildings so oddly constructed originally, and now so broken by time, had a happy effect for the landscape painter : I took my drawing-case therefore from the servant who carried it—sat down on a broken clustre of stones, a few paces from the entrance that was most picturesque, and began to make a sketch of it. Villanova, who had been sitting by me, and had partaken of the refreshment we had brought, which we had all found very necessary, rose and stood behind me. I turned to him when I had sketched the outline, and asked him if I had succeeded? He replied, “Yes, perfectly.” I then said sportively, that, as on my return to England I should be out of employment, it would be a good plan to publish my travels with engravings. “This Alhambra,” said I, “will make an excellent figure :—

Remains of a Moorish Palace, taken on the Spot in the Kingdom of Granada, by an Officer of the British Army.—Oh! it will do admirably well! However, I must have a companion to it of the same building in some other point of view.”—Villanova forced a melancholy smile: “True, my friend,” said he; “and while you are finishing your sketch, I will find such a point as appears likeliest—not for the use you mention, for that, I trust, will never be necessary, but to adorn some house of your own in England, where the sight of these drawings may recall amidst your happiest hours—and not unpleasingly recall, to you and your beloved Isabella, the memory of your friend Villanova.”—He then walked slowly away: but as he went I told him, that whenever I had this house in England, I should hope to see him there, looking at the drawings too, and able to look at them with pleasure.—He shook his head in the same melancholy way he used frequently to do, and, walking on,
looked

looked behind him till he entered a broken arch, whose twisted columns were almost concealed by brush-wood. He disappeared; and in haste to finish my sketch, I became wholly attentive to my drawing. The two servants were eating what we had left in another part of the ruin: but all around me was still as death. A few moments only had passed thus when I heard the report of two pistols fired immediately together:—I started up, and listened in that pause of astonishment and apprehension it was impossible to help feeling; for *what* to apprehend struck me at once. I ran forward, however, instantly along the path Villanova had taken;—I rushed through a kind of passage overgrown with brush-wood, into a square court, where, extended on the ground, with a pistol grasped in each hand, I found my unhappy friend weltering in his blood. I raised him in my arms, and loudly called upon him to answer me:—alas! he could not answer me; he was already dead!

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

A DREARY pause of silent horror succeeded.—I gazed wildly on the bleeding corse I supported, and, as if it were yet possible to afford Villanova assistance, called loudly on his servants to come to their master. The sullen echo ran round the ruined buildings and hollow vaults, and again all was silent. The two men, seized with consternation and amazement, dared not immediately approach the spot. These sort of ruins have ever among the common people the reputation of being the haunts of evil spirits, or the lurking-places of banditti; and my two Portuguese were neither philosophers nor heroes; my concern and distress redoubled; the yet palpitating body of my friend seemed to demand of me that assistance I could not give

give it; Villanova appeared to be dead, yet I had not then perceived that a bullet had passed through his heart, and therefore did not know his wounds were mortal. Such however was the confusion of my thoughts, that I cannot now very distinctly relate them. Again I called aloud, and after another pause, I heard footsteps not far from me; and recollecting myself enough to call the servants by their names, they at length answered. The confidential servant of Villanova, who first ventured to approach, no sooner saw his master lifeless, than he seemed deprived of his senses. It was in vain I represented to him that the cries and exclamations with which he rent the air were useless, and could serve only to prevent any remedy to the evil he deplored, if a remedy still was possible. He was incapable of hearing reason, but continued to call on his master, his dear master! and to use gestures so extravagant, that I am persuaded he was for the time in a state of phrensy. When I found I could not prevail

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vail upon him to be calm, I endeavoured to call to my assistance the other man, an inferior servant, who had appeared for a moment, but he was gone ! and I was thus left alone in this desert place, with my friend lifeless, and a madman, who, instead of being able to assist me, or to consult with me what was to be done, seemed likely to increase the horrors of my situation ! and I confess that my sensations were for some moments such, as I think nothing on earth could induce me to undergo the same again, even for an instant. As no assistance could be obtained from Joachim, who was now become absolutely stupefied with grief and fear, I began to consider how it would be possible to remove the dead body of the unfortunate Villanova, and to perform the last offices of friendship towards him ; but before I could determine what I ought to do, my doubts were finished very abruptly, by the appearance of a set of formidable, though wretched-looking beings, who very roughly declared themselves

themselves officers of justice. The servant who had fled, and who was one whom Villanova had hired for the journey, had, either through fear of being involved in the consequences, or from some worse motives, given notice at the village that his master was murdered among the ruins! What representation he gave of it, I know not; but I found myself considered as a party concerned, if not as the actually guilty party. I was a stranger, a heretic, and an Englishman, towards whom the enmity of Spain was at this time particularly awakened; and what was worse for me than all these circumstances, I only was between the men who now thought themselves concerned, and the possession of all the effects of Villanova, which were really considerable, and appeared more so than they were, in the eyes of these worthy gentlemen.

With Joachin for my fellow-sufferer, who continued stupid with terror, I found myself guarded as a prisoner in the house
of

of the chief magistrate of the village, who however admitted me to send for Isabella and my children. Imagine what must be her concern to hear of the death of our poor friend—and what her alarm at seeing me in confinement! She was willing, however, to persuade herself that my innocence would be so easily proved, that I should be immediately released. I did not deceive her; for there would have been no purpose answered by augmenting her apprehensions—and that evils are better borne when they come gradually on, is an acknowledged fact*. I had however fears which I did not communicate to my wife, who bore this distress, as I had seen her do many others, with admirable resolution. The officers of justice were men not above

* Warwick argued from nature and observation—
“Women’s weak minds bear grief as colts do burthens—
load them with their full weight at once, and they
sink under it; but every day add little imperceptibly
to little, and it is wonderful how much they will bear”
—says the younger COLMAN.

the

the style of constables in England, though, in fact, there is no regular police in Spain, so that I knew not what rank to assign them. They had sent, as I understood, to Almoceta, a kind of procès-verbal, to demand the orders of their superiors; an act, that, if it answered to their conversation and appearance, must have been a very curious performance. When I had time to consider my situation, I thought it the most unpleasant of any in which, during my whole life, I had been involved. It is on these occasions that an Englishman fondly turns to his own country, and reflects with mingled delight and regret on the laws which guard (or ought to guard) his person and his property, and to which, in such a situation, he cannot appeal.— When I ran over in my memory all I had heard of the injustice and violence to which a want of such barriers against tyranny and ignorance exposes individuals in other countries; and the stories of imprisonment for years in the dreary dungeons contrived
by

by the infernal hands of despotism or superstition, where so many unhappy beings have, after tedious years of sufferings undescribable, terminated, unknown and unpitied, their miserable existence*; when I considered that I was not only an unprotected stranger, but of a nation that had not yet made its peace with Spain; and that the only means of my justification, the papers of the deceased, and my own, might be kept from me, I own I considered my condition as the most dangerous I could experience; and as Isabella, with one of my children sleeping in her arms, and the other sitting at her feet, attempted to appease the anxiety which was expressed on my countenance, I beheld her in silent anguish; and in her beauty I saw a ten-fold addition to the fears I entertained for her and for myself. I tried, however,

* See, among innumerable other instances, that which is told of the Dutch bookseller, imprisoned in a cage at Mont St. Michel, by order of Lewis XIV. for a libel against Madame de Maintenon.

though

though without success, to conceal from her the pain and solicitude with which I awaited the return of the consequential personages who had taken the trouble to set out themselves to announce to the magistrates of Almoceta the supposed murder of a noble Portuguese.

These forms I knew would, according to the tedious proceedings of the Spaniards of all descriptions, keep me in cruel suspense till the next day ; I was therefore under the sad necessity of making my bed where I was, and Isabella and my children brought theirs to the same wretched abode. Sleep was not to be obtained by us ; but I saw my two little boys enjoying the calm slumber of unconscious innocence, while their mother and I discoursed of the strange and deplorable events of the past day. A thousand circumstances occurred to make us believe that madness only could have driven the unhappy Villanova to an action so cruel towards us, and so contrary to his principles of religion. Our ineffectual efforts
to

to save him had only served to plunge us into calamity ; and we saw ourselves liable to be accused of hastening the death of a man, to whom we had made so many sacrifices to rescue him from the horrors of despair. Isabella now recollected many circumstances that indicated those intentions of destroying himself, which in the paroxysms of that despair he seemed to have formed, but which his religion had at other times subdued ; and while we deplored his fate, we felt the greatest anxiety to know what they had done with his poor remains, and where they had confined his faithful servant, who was imprisoned, but not with me. I enquired in vain of the men who were set to guard me—they were ordered to observe a profound silence, and executed their orders as if they had studied under the executioners of the Grand Signor. In this state of uneasy conjecture, the present frightful, and the prospect of the future still more hideous, passed this dismal night, the most dismal of any I had ever yet

yet passed, long as I had been a soldier, and exposed to all the hazards of a military life.

About noon the next day my present keepers announced the arrival of persons of greater consequence than I had yet seen, and I prepared to receive these persons:—a man in a long black cloke, a lawyer's wig, and a hat with broad gold lace, entered, followed by three or four others, one of whom held in his hand the apparatus for writing. This Don, who, for a Spaniard, was uncommonly fat, had a face which would have been round, if his cheeks, unable to support themselves, had not discovered some inclination to repose on his prominent breast. A mouth opened nearly in the middle of this face, overhung by a high nose; and two black eyes, naturally unmeaning, were compelled to look sagacious on the present occasion. He kept on his hat as he strutted into the room, and I put on mine, which lay on the table by me. He informed me, after some hums and

and ha!s, that he had visited the body of the deceased, whose names he recapitulated; and that he believed, from the appearance of it, from the two pistols, and what evidence he had obtained from the domestics, that I had killed in a duel Don Julian, &c. &c. repeating at length the names and title of my friend. He then demanded my name and profession: these I gave him; and desired that he would only do me the justice to inspect the papers of the Conde de Villanova, whence he would find this charge utterly unfounded. He answered, that seals were put upon all the effects of the deceased; and that they would forthwith be transmitted to Almoceta, whither I was immediately to be removed. I desired that I might not be conducted as a prisoner, since my innocence would be immediately proved, and that my family might accompany me. The former part of my request the consequential magistrate declared he could not comply with: the company of my

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my family, he said, would be for the present allowed me.

Between my bad Spanish and the hesitating and confused manner of this man of law, Isabella, who listened in silent terror to our dialogue, and understood it very imperfectly, was impressed at once with ideas of danger which she did not till then entertain. It was now my business to sooth and console her, though I could not in truth say that her apprehensions went beyond the truth. The pert plump retainer of justice remained in the room with us; and I observed that he frequently fixed his little twinkling eyes on Isabella, to whom he made two or three low bows, or rather attempted to make them; and seemed to be endeavouring to re-assure her.—She turned from him with disdain; and, while our faithful American woman was busied in preparing as well as she could for our departure, continued to consult with me on the means of clearing myself from the cruel and unfounded charge thus laid

against me. I knew that many impediments to my doing this would be raised, which even her utmost apprehensions did not foresee: I hoped, however, that the magistrate at Almoceta might have more sense than his strutting, consequential deputy: but on our arrival there, I was not permitted to see him; and I was conducted to a small room in a tower, which was over a common prison. The windows were secured with strong iron bars, and had within only the rugged stones of which the tower was built—here and there marked with the melancholy memorials of wretches who had lingered out within these walls a miserable existence. I was not, however, mingled with the common prisoners;—I was not in a damp and dreary dungeon;—I was allowed my beds and some of my effects; and my family were not ordered to be separated from me. Our abode, dreary as it was, was not worse than the cabin of a ship: I tried to tranquillize the agitated mind of my wife with this reflection; but

I saw

I saw her courage fail under the idea of my long confinement : her lips trembled, and her eyes overflowed with tears, as she assisted our servant to arrange our beds in this miserable room. I enquired of the men who now appeared, and particularly of him whom I imagined to be the gaoler, and who seemed to derive his air of consequence from a frightful cluster of keys, what was become of the servants of Villanova. But I could obtain no answer ; and I saw very little hopes of deriving my justification from the papers in the port-folio of my friend, which I knew would testify beyond a doubt the good intelligence in which we had lived ; nor was I without apprehension that the evidence of his servants would be stifled : I went to my bed, however. Fatigue for a while conquered the uneasy fears of Isabella, and she sunk into forgetfulness ; but I never closed my eyes, but listened the whole night to the mournful responses of the watchman placed round the walls of

the prison; between the intervals of which a fullen murmur, as of the voice of some wretch lamenting his destiny below—a low hollow groan, and the clank of chains, redoubled the horrors under which I suffered. While Isabella had been watching my countenance the preceding evening, I had forborne to examine the windows, or to appear to make any remarks on the strength of our confinement: but she now seemed to be soundly sleeping, and I crept softly to the window. The bars were crossed strongly through each other so closely, that a hand could scarcely be passed through the squares they formed: I could not therefore distinguish any object immediately beneath; but by the low murmur I heard, I perceived that this tower was built on the edge of the river that ran through the town, the greatest part of which, I now perceived, it overlooked, as well as an extent of country beyond it, where I could observe more distinctly than other objects, the river, which was marked by the brilliance

lance lent to its scanty waves by the moon now at the full. I turned towards this beautiful planet my melancholy looks, and recollected, that, when it was last shining thus in meridian splendour, I was walking with my wife and Villanova in the gardens of the Escorial; and that we remarked together the deep blue of the sky through which she slowly sailed, in lustre, we thought, superior to her appearance in England. The rays of the moon now shone full upon the grate, and fell on the sweet faces of my two sleeping boys, with their faithful mulatto servant on the ground by them. My wife too—my Isabella, had for a while forgotten our distress: but at this moment busy remembrance retraced on her slumbering spirits the cruel idea of some calamity; for she suddenly started, called eagerly upon me, and shrieked as if she had been torn violently from me!—Thus awakened by terrific dreams, she asked me eagerly what was the matter, and why I had left her? She then recol-

lected where she was, and fell into an agony of tears. Early the next morning our keeper came to inform me I was to undergo in an hour my first interrogatory before the Commandant of the town, who, he assured me, was a nobleman, and a man of great importance. I was glad to hear that I was so soon to be examined, knowing that in Spain there is no limited time when a prisoner must receive judgment; and I was glad it was before the Commandant, who was, I hoped, a military man, and not a lawyer, that I was to be carried, as there was, I thought, some chance that a soldier might be a gentleman. My wife was not permitted to attend me: she hung about me, and seemed by her extreme reluctance to leave me, as if she supposed we were to meet no more. I was conducted, attended by guards with their bayonets fixed, through passages arched with stone, into a large gloomy room, without any other furniture than a table of black wood, a great chair at one end

end of it covered with tapestry, and two wooden stools on each side, for the secretaries, as I supposed, of the magistrate, who was not yet arrived. Around the room hung rusty helmets, and antique breast-plates, which seemed to have served against the Moors. I had time enough to contemplate this hall of justice, which brought to my mind descriptions I had read of the places where the officers of the Inquisition sit on the miserable victims of superstition. I fancied myself about to fall into the hands of this cruel and arbitrary tribunal, or some other equally unjust and inhuman; and, though I had faced death in almost all its forms, I own that it now appeared terrible—not so much because I feared to die (for I had been too familiar with the idea to shrink from it on my own account), as because the consequence of leaving Isabella and her children desolate and unprotected, in a country where they could have no claim to private friendship, and were sure of obtaining no

public justice, was infinitely more dreadful to my imagination than the thoughts of the most painful death inflicted only on myself. At length the Commandant arrived. He was a man near fifty years old, tall, and meagre : an open though penetrating countenance, and a military air, immediately raised in my heart hopes of his candour and integrity, which, from my treatment hitherto, I had very little reason to entertain. I desired to have an interpreter, as the Spanish, or rather Portuguese, I spoke was by no means adequate to a defence against a charge of such a nature ; but I was told that there was not at Almogeta any person who understood English. I then enquired for one who spoke the French and Spanish, as I could express myself nearly as well in the former of these languages as in my own. After some difficulty and delay, which my judge bore with a patience that did him honour, a Frenchman was found, who by a long residence in Spain spoke Spanish like a native.

By

By his means the circumstances that attended the death of my unfortunate friend were explained. His papers, which were now produced, confirmed the account I gave; and after a long interrogatory I found the Commandant convinced of my innocence, and willing to grant me my release; which however, he told me, could not be done till the next day. He behaved to me with the solemn politeness of an old courtier, and answered my questions as to what had been done with the remains of Villanova. He informed me that he would be buried that evening in the cemetery of the village near which he died; that his servants would be allowed to attend his body to the grave; and that his effects would be sealed up to be delivered to his friends in Portugal. I doubted a little the execution of this last arrangement; and I found from several observations I made in the course of our conversation, that it would certainly be useless, and probably imprudent, in me to be too mi-

nute in my enquiries and my remarks.— I ventured however to inform Don Manuel de Merida (for that I learned was the name of the Commandant), that among the baggage with which the mules of the Conde de Villanova were loaded were many things belonging to me and my family: these he promised should be restored, and that I should be allowed a carriage to convey me, my wife, children, and servant to the camp at St. Roche, whither he advised me to travel as a prisoner of war, and to obtain my exchange as such from the Governor of Gibraltar. To this I was happy to agree; and I returned to Isabella a little ashamed of my fears, and delighted to be able to dissipate those under which she had so severely suffered.— We were neither of us, however, quite easy at the delay, and waited with extreme impatience for that hour of the next day, when Don Manuel had assured us the forms of office would admit of our release, and departure from Almoceta.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

THE worthy old Commandant, who really seemed to be a Spanish gentleman (than which there is no character more respectable), was as good as his word: we were the next day set at liberty, and allowed to hire mules, which were to convey us in a very wretched vehicle to the foot of the rock of Gibraltar; the magistrate giving us a passport and two guards. When I found myself released, I thought I might venture to expostulate with Don Manuel on the injustice there appeared to be in my being thus deprived of the accommodation of the Count de Villanova's carriages; and added, that it was singular I was not entrusted with the execution of his will, and with the care of delivering his effects to his friends in Portugal. Don

Manuel allowed that it did seem hard; but that such were the laws, with which he could not interfere.—I insisted, however, with some warmth on my right to take an inventory of these things, which were altogether of considerable value, and of seeing the Count's servants, who were undoubtedly visible, since he had told me that they were the preceding evening to attend the funeral of their master. Don Manuel replied, that all this was very true; but that the usage in such cases must not be broken through; that he himself indeed had nothing to do with it; and that, so far from wishing to take any advantage of my situation, which was certainly a very awkward one, he had strained a point to release me, and might perhaps be called upon for having done so. He hinted to me, that, though his power went so far now, and that he was willing to exert it because he believed me innocent, yet that there was an appeal from his decision, which might be attended with long imprisonment,

prisonment, or perhaps more serious consequences.—He might as well have said that the honest men who had got possession of the effects did not choose to part with them. I was willing, in favour of his martial air and gentleman-like demeanour, to hope he had no part in this plunder, which I now found was without redress: but I was compelled to depart with such part of my own baggage as I could obtain, for much of it was lost; and I now found myself and my family travelling towards Gibraltar, almost as poor as I had ever been in my life. Isabella and I had between us something above the value of twenty pounds in Spanish money: it was fortunate we had even so much, and that we were not searched on being imprisoned, and what we had taken from us; for there would have been as little remedy for that as for the other robbery. I am persuaded that my poor friend had left in his port-folio a will, in which he had not only given me what he carried with him, but had

had bequeathed me a considerable legacy, and left it to me to send home his servants, and arrange his affairs together with his agents in Portugal. Many circumstances I now recollected would have put this beyond a doubt, even if his character and his attachment to me had allowed me to doubt it; but, whatever were his intentions, they were completely frustrated, since I was not even allowed to see his servants. I was told that they were in the village where he died, but the morning before. I hoped we might pass through that village; but we were carried round by another road, and the questions I asked my guards would not understand. When I murmured, however, at all this, Isabella, who had entertained the most horrible notions of a Spanish prison, and thought we had escaped almost by miracle, entreated me to be content; and to rejoice that *on any terms* I had escaped out of the hands of the Spanish courts of justice. I was therefore forced to console myself as well as I could, in cursing lawyers

yers of every description, which I did very heartily, convinced that the esprit de corps among them is the same in all countries, and that a lawyer must be a rogue par metier *. Our journey of upwards of an hundred and seventy-five miles, though we made it very slowly, was so fatiguing that I trembled for the health of Isabella and my children; and it is impossible to describe what I suffered from the apprehension of their falling ill, now that my finances were so low that I could not have obtained necessaries for their relief, even in a country where medical skill is more frequent than in Spain. Isabella, fatigued and exhausted as she was, supported herself with great courage and fortitude; and children bear difficulties better than adults, because their minds are little affected by

* A military man might indulge himself in this folly; but the author disclaims it, being assured that there are in this country *some* exceptions, who from their united abilities and integrity are an honour to a profession which is generally, and not unjustly, stigmatised as the scourge of society.

local circumstances. They think not of the time that is past, and dread not that which is to come: a little fruit, a little milk and bread, with which we took care to provide ourselves wherever we found it good, was enough for my two little boys, who were born wanderers, and seemed only the more healthy and lovely for the hardy way in which they had been nursed.

At length we arrived, about three weeks after we left Almodeta, at the remains of the Spanish and French camps at St. Roche, where we were represented, I know not why, as prisoners who had been taken and sent to Barcelona. As the guards who accompanied us from Almodeta had been changed when we had got about half way, and the letters from Don Manuel had been given to others, it was in vain to ask the reason of this. Though it must have appeared strange to the person to whom these letters were addressed, that we should have travelled quite across the kingdom of Spain, to obtain an exchange so easy to have

have been made nearer our own country, he was either too much engrossed by his occupations, or too void of curiosity, to think about it. He did not, however, seem to wish for our presence there; for immediately on our arrival he sent to General Eliot, to whom I also wrote; and after a few trifling delays we were received into the garrison, and had the inexpressible comfort of finding ourselves among our own countrymen.

It is true that this joy was somewhat diminished, when I found that, of three intimate friends I had in the regiments there, one had lost his life—a second had returned to England crippled—and the third, who had exchanged out of my regiment when I went to America, to go into one that was ordered to Gibraltar, was so ill in consequence of his wounds, that he had not for many weeks left his bed; where he now lay with very little hopes of recovery. It was on him, with whom I had been brought up from a boy, that I chiefly

chiefly relied, to advise and assist me in the awkward and difficult situation in which I found myself, for I was literally penniless; but I found him emaciated by his sufferings to such a degree, that, far from being able to advise me, he was incapable of thinking for himself. What he could do, however, he did; and, as he understood that the most pressing and immediate difficulty was want of money, he furnished me with thirty guineas, and a draft for twenty more on his agent in London, which I hoped I should have no occasion to use. I gave him my note for the sum; and as living at Gibraltar was extremely expensive, and very unpleasant, since it presented only a scene of the horrors and ravages of war, I took the first opportunity that offered to leave it, and embarked with my family on board a sloop which had brought pork and flour to the garrison, and was now returning in ballast to Cork; at which place we landed, after a passage of twenty days, without suffering any other inconvenience than

than from sea-sickness.—Thus, after so long an absence, I returned once more to the British islands, with a wife and two children, and certainly much poorer than I had departed for America. We remained only a day or two at Cork, to recover from the fatigue of our voyage, and then went to Dublin, where I made myself known to the families of some of my former friends, and received many proofs of that hospitable and friendly character which the Irish so justly deserve. I here met an old acquaintance who had served formerly in the same regiment. He had been wounded in America, and returned home with his health much impaired; in consequence of which he quitted the army, and had retired with his wife, who was Irish, to a small residence near Dublin. The death of a relation who had left him a considerable legacy, happened at this time to call him to London, and he willingly undertook to settle my regimental business for me, and to see what probability there was of

of my being forgiven by my uncle. The first part of his commission he executed perfectly to my satisfaction; though I had unavoidably contracted so many debts in America, that I received not above a third of my arrears. As to General Tracy, I had the mortification of hearing that he was more than ever estranged from me; and that, in consequence of the ill offices of Sir Randolph Aldborough, he appeared to be irreconcilable, and had requested all those of his friends who had ever spoken in my favour, to forbear for the future naming me. This was but comfortless intelligence for a man circumstanced as I was: it was high time for me to think on some means of providing for my wife and children; and as my prospects of preferment from family interest were thus destroyed, I sometimes thought of selling my commission, and purchasing with it some permanency for them. Dublin however, especially in the style I lived in it, is not the place for profound thinking

ing on any melancholy subject. Unfortunately for me, I endeavoured too much to fly from unpleasant contemplations, and to escape from the fear of evils I knew not how to remedy, and was therefore afraid to face. To return to my regiment, which was what I must soon do, was a step which I could not take with pleasure, since I could not now live among my brother officers with my former eclat. Hesitation beyond a certain degree is generally ruinous :— it was so to me ; for, while I deliberated how to act, I put it out of my power to act well. I have committed many follies, but none which had such fatal consequences as that which I was now drawn into. It is true I had played a good deal in London, and had sometimes lost money; but my uncle's generosity, since he liked I should do as other young fellows in my rank of life did, prevented my feeling any inconvenience from these losses, which were repaired as soon as they occurred. It was now very different : I fell into parties who
5 played

played with more skill and coolness than I possessed. I lost, and endeavoured to retrieve my losses. This, as is but too usual in such cases, engaged me in still deeper play, and my desperation increased.

To shorten as much as possible the history of a period of my life that I can never think of but with the most acute self-reproach, I will pass over the gradations of my folly, and tell you that I not only lost the money I had received of my arrears, but contracted a debt of honour to such an amount, that, as debts of honour admit of no delay, I had no other means of paying it than by the sale of my commission.— Thus I was utterly undone, and had not the means of subsistence for my wife and my two boys.

Isabella, though she knew I frequented societies in which there was high play, and knew I had not very good success, had however no idea of the extent of our misfortune; and, when I sold my commission, believed I had done it only to make a provision

vision for her and my children by the purchase of annuities, or some other permanent support. I had often been extremely miserable; but all I had before felt was trifling, in comparison of the anguish of heart I endured, while, unsuspecting my unpardonable folly, my wife was planning schemes of economy for our future life.— At length, unable to support this, I disclosed to her the cruel truth. And here let me do justice to her affection and greatness of mind: though I had thus reduced her and our two boys to beggary, no murmur, no remonstrance from her, aggravated the pain of my self-reproach; but, with the noblest fortitude, she not only forgave, but endeavoured to reconcile me to myself. She even bade me hope; and assumed an air of calmness, that I might not see she herself despaired. Indeed, among all the difficulties to which I had been the means of exposing her, no selfish complaint ever for a moment sullied the dignity of her fortitude: and her fears, even in the prison

son of Almoceta, were for me and her children, and not for herself. While therefore I loved and respected her more than I had ever yet done, I reproached myself most bitterly with my own folly, and felt acutely the misery of being conscious that the evils of poverty, now so nearly menacing this lovely and admirable woman, were the effects of my own folly.—When I had paid the debts so unworthily contracted, I had not in the world two hundred pounds: but Isabella, afraid, I believe, though she did not avow her fears, that I should again have recourse to the gaming-table, and endeavour to recover my losses, pressed me extremely to leave Dublin; and I owed her too much to refuse whatever she asked. But whither were we to go? Alas! I had no longer in England the gay prospects that once awaited me. All hopes of being received by my uncle were at an end. He must have seen (since military men peruse such articles) that I had sold my commission; and he

he must know that I was greatly distressed; but I heard not that he relented, or condescended to enquire what was become of the nephew to whom he had once been so partial. On the contrary, it was understood, that he had made a will entirely in favour of my cousin, and resented as an affront every attempt that was made to recall me to his recollection. From the family of my wife we had not heard for a very long time: I desired my Irish friend, when he was in England, to enquire for them; but he either had not time to execute my commission, or had done it so awkwardly that we gained no intelligence, and Isabella knew not whither to write to them. There was too much reason to fear that their situation was not prosperous: and I could not bear the thoughts of returning to be burthensome to a family already overwhelmed with misfortune; nor did Isabella, though she most earnestly wished to hear of them, think without uneasiness

of an interview with her mother and sisters, since she could not assist them. In addition to all these reasons for our not wishing to return to England there was yet another, which was, that I was still indebted there; and though my creditors were not many, nor for considerable sums, they were more than enough to make me apprehend the consequence of my returning among them, situated as I now was.

After many debates, I determined, as Edinburgh was a place where I was not known, to go thither—change my name, and live with as much economy as I could, till I could find some means of providing for my family. Isabella approved of this plan; and we hastened to put it in execution.

On our arrival there we hired a small lodging in the upper part of the town; and, keeping only our mulatto servant, on whose long tried fidelity I could rely, we began to live with as much privacy and
economy

economy as possible, as Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine, a name I chose because it was that of my mother's family.

I own that, notwithstanding the cheerful resignation of my Isabella, who did every thing in her power to support my spirits, and conceal the uneasiness that preyed upon her own, my heart sickened, and my courage failed, under the gloom of the rigid economy we were obliged to observe, and the dread of our being reduced to difficulties yet more humiliating. I owed it, however, to my wife to bear with fortitude evils I had brought upon us, that I might not, by sinking under them, increase their weight to her. — But it is difficult to support continually the appearance of serenity, while the heart is torn by solicitude: I therefore concealed as much as I could what really passed there, by applying to books, which, in the tumultuous life I had hitherto led, I had never much cultivated. I had now recourse to a circulating library, where,

though I did not find a very good collection, I sometimes met with books that occupied my attention, and called off my thoughts awhile from the sad contemplation of my own calamitous prospects. — I sometimes sat reading in the shop; and I was there accosted by a gentleman, whose figure had nothing remarkable in it, but who was, I soon found, one of those men who talked fluently of all the new publications, and gave his opinion so fully and so decisively that I soon found he believed his judgment to be infallible. He sometimes talked sensibly enough; at other times it appeared to me that his opinions were very wide of the truth. After having met him and conversed with him once or twice, I enquired of the bookseller who he was, and I learned that he was an author and a critic, one of the most redoubtable among those who are the oracles of many readers, and the dread of many writers. — “That gentleman, sir,” said the bookseller, “is a very extraordinary man

man—a very universal genius, I assure you. He is here now on a visit to his friends, for he is a native of North Britain; but he generally resides in London, where his works are in high estimation.” —“ His works?” enquired I.—“ Pray what is his name?” “ His name is Mac Gowan, sir,” replied my informant. “ I do not recollect hearing his name,” answered I; “ but that may very possibly be, as I have been some time absent from England. I suppose his celebrity is of recent date?” “ I don’t know really, sir—I believe it is two or three years since he has been an author of name, and about the same time since he has had a share in a periodical work; where I understand his ingenious criticisms are much admired. All the literary men of this capital are known to him, and I am told that his company is much courted in London.” As an author and a critic by profession was a personage I had never yet had an opportunity of being acquainted with, I determined to

avail myself of the next opportunity that offered to begin a conversation with Mr. Mac Gowan. This was soon found: I entered the shop the next day while this man of talents was descanting on the beauties of a novel lately published, which he declared to be the best written production of the kind that had long appeared.—“ You seem, sir,” said he, addressing himself to me, “ to be fond of works of genius: if you ever read these lighter efforts of the imagination, I recommend this to your perusal.” I seized this occasion to assure him that, though I did not take any great delight in the generality of modern novels, yet that I had so much deference for his opinion, that I would immediately read that in question. Flattered, as it seemed, by my apparent conviction of his judgment, he cast a complacent look around him, and began to give me his opinion of other works recently published;—and, as he found in me a patient and unprejudiced hearer (for my absence from England had prevented

prevented my knowing either the books of which he spoke, or the authors of them), he conceived a sudden friendship for me, and desired we might be better acquainted. In a few days some degree of intimacy took place between us; and though I was not always of his opinion, particularly in regard to the novel, which seemed to me one of the most flat and uninteresting performances I had ever waded through, yet he was pleased to discover latent talents in me, of which I was myself unconscious:—he declared some trifling pieces I had written in praise of my wife were equal in tenderness to Tibullus or Petrarch; and, though I was not vain enough to believe him, I had yet self-confidence enough to suppose it possible that literature might open to me a resource against the indigence that threatened me.

C H A P. XIII.

IT was in consequence of my acquaintance with Mr. Mac Gowan that I became an author. At first I ventured no farther than an epigram or a sonnet in the provincial paper. From the applause they met with I was encouraged to try a pamphlet, which, though there was not much solidity in the arguments, was so fortunately adapted to the public taste, that it had a very unusual degree of success. Mac Gowan puffed it for me in a paper with which he was concerned, and praised it in a review of which he was the principal proprietor; and he sold it for me to a bookseller in London, who, in consequence of its success, seemed disposed to engage with me farther. Mac Gowan was by this time returned to London; and thither he urged

urged me to remove, representing to me, that I could not fail to succeed in my literary pursuits, and might hope, by managing my talents properly, to procure a handsome provision for my family; for that ministry were in want of able pens, and he was sure I might enlist mine in their service.—Self-love did not allow me to doubt of his being right; but I was too well known as Captain Warwick to appear among my old acquaintance as a party writer under the assumed name I then bore. I hoped however, without enlisting under the banner of ministry or that of opposition, to succeed among the booksellers: and as it was absolutely necessary for me to do something, and I knew not how to do better, I at length determined to become an author by profession, and to conceal myself, in some remote part of London, as far as possible from the former scenes of splendour and fashion where I had appeared as the presumptive heir of General Tracy, and a young man of *the*

very first world. The profits of my successful pamphlet were considerable enough to furnish me and my family with the means of making our journey, which we pursued however in the cheapest manner possible; and we arrived in London, where my friend Mac Gowan had provided us a lodging.

Behold me then no longer in any other light than one of those unfortunate beings who excite the contempt of the rich, and the wonder and fear of the ignorant:—the once gay and fortunate Warwick became a writer for bread, and depended entirely on the booksellers for support.

I could give you a curious detail of all the scenes I passed through before I was established in this precarious business, in which my success was chiefly owing to my friend Mac Gowan. He employed me to assist him in a review: but I had sometimes the mortification of finding that I was not, in the opinions I was to give, a free agent. As it has been remarked, that, among the
cog-

cognoscenti in painting, it often happens that

“The picture’s value is the painter’s name,”

so I found frequently that the merit of a work was to be estimated by the name of the publisher, and not by that it intrinsically possessed—and perhaps other motives now and then influenced our decisions, which I will not even now reveal.—Sometimes I assure you I was impartial in my department; and yet it grieved me to dismiss to oblivion the pathetic tale and laboured description which had cost the fair author many a penfive hour, and had perhaps fatigued her bright eyes in the abstruse researches of the dictionary:—but it troubled me still more, when I reflected that I was sometimes compelled, in the execution of justice, to crush the hopes of industrious indigence—of a mother, perhaps, who had recourse to her pen to supply bread to a family for whom she had no other resource—of a daughter endeavouring

vouring to assist in the support of a helpless superannuated parent, whom she could not leave to engage in any of the few occupations for which women are qualified. These considerations often disarmed my critical severity, while that of my friend Mac Gowan was inexorable, unless the writer he reviewed was connected with some bookseller whose interest he had at heart, or was known to be of the party he espoused. I could give you a curious insight into the art of criticism, and introduce you to some characters among the most eminent who profess to exercise that formidable talent; but I rather hasten to the period when I became acquainted with Mrs. Manby, to give you a specimen of the world I now moved in.—This lady was a great favourite with Mac Gowan, who saw, or fancied he saw, some traits of original genius in the effusions which she called poetry—and which certainly surprised, if it failed to elevate. But she found favour with those still more likely to serve

serve her than even Mac Gowan, and became an approved writer for the theatre. Elated with success, she now felt like Horace (in the 20th ode of book ii.), and, fancying herself a phoenix, soaring into the highest regions of poetical license, soon left common sense at an immeasurable distance. Mac Gowan however still applauded, and her extravagance increased.

Having secured, as she believed, the suffrage of the best judges in various modes of composition, she wept, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer; and, like the Alcibiades of Marmontel, would be loved for herself alone.—She would owe her next triumph to the mere force of abilities, and not be indebted either to the partiality of her friends or the celebrity of her name. To accomplish this, and to enjoy the delight of the surprise and admiration she should receive incog. she took it into her head to write some rhapsodies in the diurnal prints, under the signature of Sophonisba; which were answered, as a rebus

or an acrostic would have been, by some soft swains who gently touch the tuneful shell. And her odes and her non-descripts (for many of her pieces came under no regular title) made some admire—more stare; but the hardiest were those who affected to understand. Enchanted by her success, she caused these fugitive pieces to be collected in a small volume. It then fell under the censorial eye of the critics; and Mac Gowan, whose lot it was to review this bouquet of the flowers of fancy, unluckily gave a proof of his want of discernment. The same wild and incomprehensible jumble of images, which he had praised when it was the avowed production of Mrs. Manby, was deemed intolerable nonsense when it appeared as the production of a new candidate for fame of whom he knew nothing.

He undertook therefore, in his next review, to undeceive those who might have suffered themselves to be betrayed into admiration by sounds destitute of sense, and

to prove that these showy nothings had even less meaning than the song written by Pope, under the name of "A Person of Quality," to ridicule the false taste which prevailed at that time, beginning—

"Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,

"Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart."

Mac Gowan asserted, that the only way to distinguish good from bad poetry was to put it into prose, and see if it were sense. In this manner he dissected some lines of the publication in question: it was a most warm and animated eulogium on Amadeus Philolyric, one of her newspaper adorers, who Mrs. Manby very decidedly protested was the first poet of any age past, present, or to come. Part of this rhapsody being reduced by Mac Gowan into plain prose, ran thus:

"Never, oh! Amadeus Philolyric, thou first of Nature's prime bards—never was there by mortal given a feast so dear to polished taste, as that your lyre correctly flings, when Amadeus Phylolyric sings."

And

And again from the same poem :

"The notes of May make their way to my waking senses, and conscious slumbers own the trill ; but memory opens my lids."

The Critic's remarks on these passages were :

"A lyre correctly flinging a feast to polished taste is certainly a very bold image.—It would be well if all bards, as well as the immortalized poet whom our fair authoress celebrates, had this fortunate talent of feast-flinging ; they would then, perhaps, sometimes treat us poor reviewers, who are often weary enough, Heaven knows, with a sop in the pan."

"What power the notes of May have to make slumbers, and conscious slumbers too, own their trill, we know not. The fair lady afterwards tells us, that Silence had a pair of furred gloves on, and that soft red imbued the scene. She advises her adorable bard to have a wrestling-match with Apollo ; she informs her readers, that floods hang upon peaks—that darkness drinks the sky—that sensibility has torn slumbers from her lids ;
and

and she recommends it to her poet, to stain his cheek with red repentance—and tells how wavy rivers, whose glowing tints begem the green, bear ecstatic sighs on their curls."

It happened that a conversation was held at the house of Mrs. Manby, on the day the review, in which these strictures were, appeared. I arrived there first, as I was to meet a principal actress, who was exerting herself in my favour in regard to a play, of which I had just secured the acceptance, after a solicitation and attendance on the manager which I am now ashamed to think of. The lady, who really was warmly my friend, was not yet arrived; and Mrs. Manby was in her drawing-room, attended only by one of those busy beings who are a sort of postillions to the Pierian dames. He had a sister who was a blue stocking, and had acquired a pretty little wit of his own by dint of admiring hers. This busy body had called for the reviews in his way, and had just cut the leaves of that in which Mrs. Manby's publication was announced

when

when I entered the room: "Oh! dear Lorraine!" exclaimed she (for though we had then been only a few days acquainted, she treated me with the most flattering familiarity)—"Oh, Lorraine! I am delighted, *to a degree*, that you are come!—Here—who reviewed this article?—Come, you know I am often in your secrets."—I, who imagined she was for some reason or other interested about the work, which I had not seen myself, answered, that I believed it was Mac Gowan.—"Charming!" cried she, "then I know, as well as if I had myself helped him, what *he* will say: Dear Lorraine! read it to us." I took up the pamphlet, turned to the page, and began to read a sentence; when casting my eyes on the authoress, I perceived that she was more deeply interested in the work than I had at first imagined. I proceeded, however—but the next passage was too much for her; she snatched the book out of my hand, and, in a tempest of passion, which it would be difficult to describe, exclaimed with
astonishing

astonishing volubility against Mac Gowan, who was, she protested, "the most ignorant, tasteless, and illiberal blockhead that ever assumed the invidious trade of a critic."

—She had not yet exhausted her severe epithets, or her violent anger, when the unfortunate object of it appeared, handing in the actress, to whom he shewed the most obsequious attention: To describe the scene that now ensued would be difficult, unless it were in the way of dialogue. From that time the critic and poetess became the most implacable enemies, and I know not to what I owed it, that I did not share the disgrace of my friend. But I continued still to be admitted to the meetings, held at her house, of the beaux esprits, the critics, and authors of the day. It was at one of those meetings, my dear Orlando, that I saw you; and though there was not in the world a man I could so truly rejoice to meet, I own my pleasure was checked by the shame I felt at being seen under such circumstances; and that pride, which
I ought

I ought long since to have conquered, was severely mortified, though I endeavoured to assume my usual air of careless gaiety. I reflected on the different situation I was in, when we last parted, from that in which you now found me; and internally I suffered from the consciousness of having brought myself, and, what was worse, your sister, into the mortifying circumstance of being a dependent on booksellers; of procuring by mental labour a precarious subsistence, and not unfrequently of feeling the insults of arrogant ignorance.—With all that I submitted to, and submitted to with a resolution which it would have been impossible for me to have exerted, if any thing less than the existence of my Isabella and her children had been at stake, I could not have lived (even in the humble manner I did when we first met), in a small lodging, in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, if my concealment had been as complete as my pride induced me to wish it might be. But whatever pains I took to
conceal

conceal myself, I could not remain concealed in a capital where I had once been so well known. In pursuit of my literary business, I was often under the necessity of going out on foot; and I had not been many days in London, before I met, within a few paces of my own door, a young man of fashion with whom I had formerly been very intimate. He immediately accosted me, and expressed so much pleasure, mingled with surprise, at seeing me, that when we afterwards met by his desire at a tavern, I could not refuse to acquaint him with my situation. I found that, in this instance, depressed circumstances had not their usual repulsive influence. The confession of my poverty did not estrange from me my generous friend, who, though a younger brother, and of a dissipated turn, forced upon me sums which he hoped would supply the deficiencies which he knew must happen in an income that depended on the profits of literature, often slow, and always uncertain. Nor did his zeal stop there;

there; he applied to General Tracy in my behalf: and though his attempts were for some time frustrated by the evil impressions my uncle had received from Sir Randolph Aldborough; yet by returning continually to the charge, now trying to awaken the General's tenderness, and now to alarm his pride, he greatly contributed to our subsequent reconciliation. Such were the obligations I owe to my friend, whose loss, as well as that of Don Julian, has embittered my returning prosperity. He was killed, as you know, in a duel, by an adventurer with whom he had some high words at a pharo table. I attended him as his second, and he died in my arms:—an event that, while it gave me the most poignant concern on account of the friend I had now lost, recalled in the most forcible manner to my memory the death of Villanova; of whose affairs I never could obtain any information.

Thus, my dear friends, I have related our adventures; I have ingenuously acknowledged

knowledged my errors, and I trust I am at length cured of them. I now am equally detached from the tables where I lost, and the societies by mixing with whom I endeavoured to repair my losses; and Isabella, who latterly, I believe, suffered some pain from my frequent attendance on Mrs. Manby, and some other literary luminaries, whose merit she was unwilling to allow, is cured I hope for ever of those little mistrusts which sometimes disturbed our affection, though I believe nothing could ever lessen it. That love of admiration, so natural to a young and beautiful woman, which I sometimes thought she carried too far, but which was indeed but as a spot in the sun, has now given place to the most constant attention to her duty as a mother and a wife: and though she is certainly at this time as beautiful, if not more so than when my rash love seduced her to share with me the difficulties of a soldier's life; yet, in the meridian of her charms, she no longer seems

seems conscious of possessing any, and is from that unconsciousness more amiable than ever in my eyes. For myself, I may repeat the French proverb—"A quelque chose malheur et bon." Had I never passed through the severe trials of indigence, I might, when every gratification was in my power, have yielded to the propensities to which I am by disposition inclined, and have still been the dissipated Man of the World, instead of considering myself, as I now do, the Steward of my two Boys.

THE END.

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